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MARCH 22, 1985

From Washington:
THE FARM CRISIS
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NATIONAL REVIEW

Is EGALITARIANISM the First Commandment?

William Manchester

CONSERVATISM Un-American?

Charles R. Kesler

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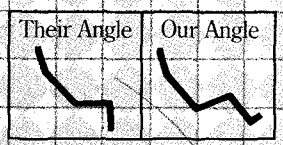

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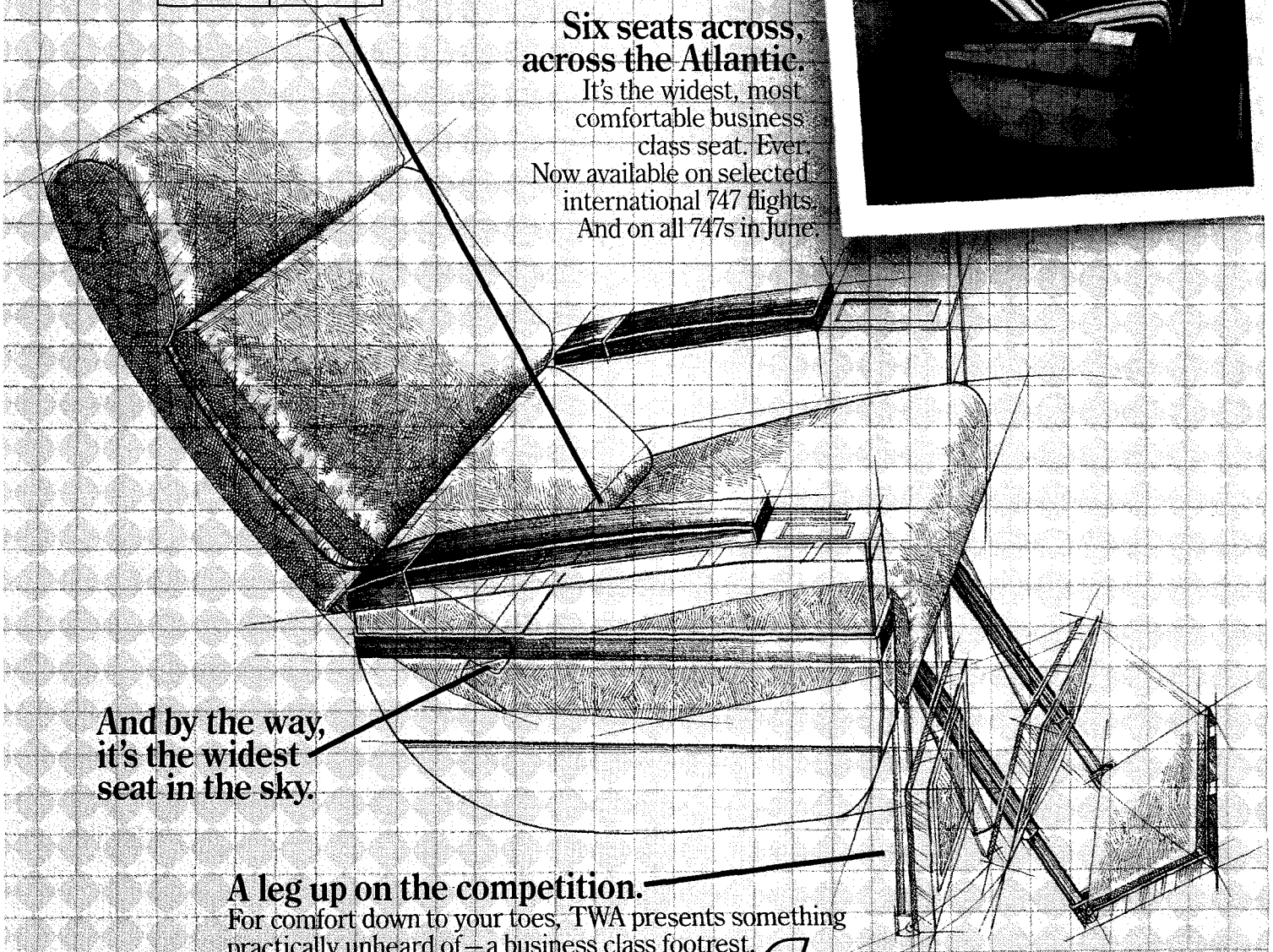

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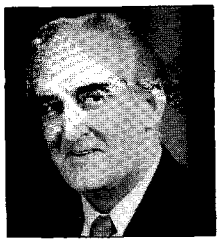
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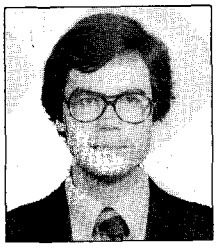
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Are George Will, the Straussians, and the neocons right? Were the Founders a gang of Machiavels? Are we a nation dedicated to looking out for Number One? Was Jefferson a modern? And do we need transfusions of European conservatism to set ourselves right? If the answer to these questions is yes, then we are probably doomed. But another possibility is that we have lost touch with the real philosophy of the Founders, which derived from the classical tradition of political philosophy. *Charles R. Kesler*

38 Reflections on Egalitarianism
People often ask why we don't have anyone like Churchill today. They're asking the wrong question. They should ask what would happen to him if we had him. In the Age of Equality, when achievement gets no credit and crime no blame, when heroes must be available to us on a first-name basis, an excellence indifferent to the mob would be intolerable. So says a noted author, in reflections substantially taken from an address delivered last fall before the Yale Political Union. *William Manchester*

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The tenth anniversary of the Helsinki Accords is the perfect occasion to tell the Soviets to live up to the agreements they have been violating for ten years. *Brian Crozier*

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Harvard scientists and scholars are debating the existence of creatures hitherto believed to be purely imaginary. The once-powerful skeptics are faced with a growing—and disturbing—body of evidence. The telephone directory may have had a basis in fact after all. *David Brooks*

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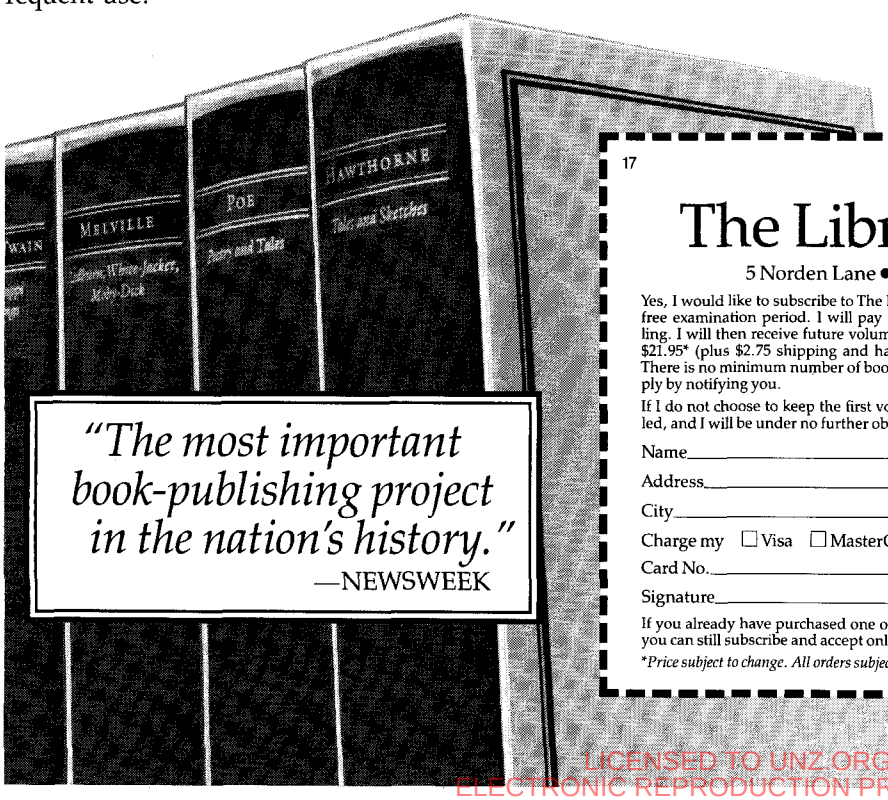

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LETTERS

Take Warning

Tom Bethell's article on our arms talks with the Soviets ["The Mugger's Deal at Geneva," March 8] was both refreshing and depressing. It's really good to see someone telling the truth for a change—I for one can't even listen to the "news" about arms talks, they seem like such a complete sham. But it really is unpleasant to see it all down in black and white: all the ways that arms talks harm the United States. It is hard to imagine that anyone could really take the whole show seriously, actually believe that "we were just as likely to launch a surprise attack as the Soviet Union." But if our policymakers do believe that, then I suppose it's not impossible that they will trade our Strategic Defense away—and that is a really scary prospect. I hope that some of the people who are making these decisions for us will read Mr. Bethell's excellent article before it's too late.

William Barr
Orlando, Fla.

Conscience by Consensus?

John Tagg's article on Mario Cuomo ["Understanding Mario Cuomo," Feb. 8] is the most brilliant, most moving, most important political document I've read in years. It's all there, starkly revealing in the finest prose the latest subtle direction and insidious bent tones of liberalism: this cast of mind that enables you to send your own children to your choice of private schools while publicly requiring busing for others, to be anal in personal finance while advancing deficit spending for others, to be tipsy in private and a manipulative public teetotaler, to find abortion personally repugnant but morally relative for the real world. It's not a question of reason with them, you know, of making any lasting sense, having a real gut reaction, or even putting your money where your mouth is. It's a question of a peculiarly schizoid separation of thought and feeling that breeds a lack of integration in the whole person and enables you to justify public promises that don't ring personally true. It is wholly unconscionable and contrary to the human soul. You just can't be one thing at home, Mario, and another thing on the road. Life is not that way. Moral relativism is not morality. Consensus is not conscience. The law is only worthy when it reflects its spiritual essence.

James C. Neely, MD
San Francisco, Calif.

Thanks to John Tagg for "Understanding Mario Cuomo." It gradually becomes clear that Governor Mario Cuomo, and others of our present-day liberals, "make a fine art of setting aside the Commandments of God in favor of the traditions of men" (Mark 7:9)—just like the Pharisees.

John E. Durantine
Lakewood, Calif.

Grateful Students

Your cover headline "The Persecution of Edward Rozek" ["Ordeal by Legal Terror," Feb. 22] grabbed me before I could even separate my new *NR* from the supermarket fliers. I read ravenously before leaving the mailbox. As a born and bred Coloradan, now living in Chicago, I constantly find myself explaining and apologizing for the rather dismal pall that such luminiferous transplants as Gary Hart and Pat Schroeder cast on my majestic motherland. I was thrilled to see that Edward Rozek could find some positive national press.

When I entered the University of Colorado (in the fall of 1978) I was suffering from a classic case of the kind of slushy thinking that 13 years of public education in the age of enlightened egalitarianism can infect one with. I first heard Professor Rozek's ominous warnings regarding totalitarianism at a social event my freshman year. Later, I became another in the flock of faces that would file through his classroom doors over the years. His gripping account of the Nazi system and his subsequent construction of parallels between it and that other totalitarian, murderous regime were sounded from a rather lonely pulpit out west. But he was able to inspire me and countless others to trek a conservative trail, largely free of guidance from the Grove, that began at Ayn and continues into the foreseeable future.

Jeff Swanson
Chicago, Ill.

Congratulations to E. H. McParland on her excellent article detailing the persecution of University of Colorado professor Edward Rozek. As a student at CU

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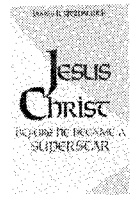

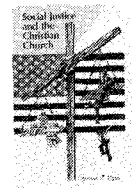

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during the years of Professor Rozek's ordeal, I followed closely the events surrounding his case, and was able to observe first hand the deplorable treatment he received at the hands of the numerous leftist publications that litter the beautiful Boulder Valley, particularly the odious "student" newspaper, the *Colorado Daily*.

It is a tribute to Professor Rozek's high standing as an educator and scholar, and an indication of a growing conservatism at this once notoriously radical campus, that he received a standing ovation from his students the day after the charges against him were dismissed. I can only hope that this ovation helped ease the pain unjustly inflicted upon him by the Boulder Establishment.

Thomas D. Gordon
Lakewood, Colo.

Better than Altruism

As a reader of your magazine, and a fan of Ayn Rand, I must take exception to a line in an otherwise good review: "Gildering the Lily," by Aram Bakshian Jr. [Feb. 8]. The quote is: "These are the true altruists of our time, altruists in a way that even Ayn Rand might have appreciated if she had been able to see beyond her gospel of selfishness to a deeper human truth." Ayn Rand would have (and has) said these people are the best and most moral of men, and that to call them "altruists" is obscene. These people are enriching humanity by enriching themselves. They usually don't have the interest of enriching anyone else (except their families), but they do so anyway, as a by-product of their self-enrichment.

Anthony Argyriou
Berkeley, Calif.

Watching Our Step

Mr. Rees's "The Genocide Convention and the Lesson of Nicaragua" [Feb. 8] is a timely caution to us when prominent legislators and even Presidents seem to favor our "joining the crowd." Through our Senator Danforth's office I've received the Report from the Committee on Foreign Relations of September 24, 1984, re the United Nations Convention for the Prevention and Punishment of Genocide.

The main objection to our signing the treaty is that *no* treaty can authorize what our Constitution prohibits. The Supreme Court "has regularly and uniformly recognized the Constitution over a treaty." Not only is the American Bar Association opposed to the treaty, but so, over the years, have been men of the stature of John Foster Dulles, Sam Ervin Jr., and Russell Long. So we pray that our national leaders will study the history of this treaty before acting. Everyone is opposed to genocide, but granting the World Court power over our nation would be catastrophic.

Sister Mary Lawrence Riley, VHM
St. Louis, Mo.

Recipe for Failure

Close collaboration of churches with governments in Europe ["Church and State in Europe," by Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Feb. 22] has not done the churches too much good, if one considers the number of active churchgoers. True, most pay their church tax, partially out of spiritual fear, but not more than 5 per cent attend Mass or Protestant services on a regular basis. The close association with governments' power has also led to a type of anticlericalism virtually unknown in the U.S., and here the churches are packed full every Sunday. Visiting Europeans are astounded by the number of churches in the United States.

Konrad Kircher, MD
Dayton, Ohio

Help Wanted

The editor who complained about the political orientation of many book reviews in *Kirkus* and *Library Journal* ["The Week," Jan. 11] should know that *Library Journal* reviews are written by volunteers in various areas and professions who have contacted the magazine and signed up. They get to keep proofs and finished copies of the books.

I would urge your editorialist and others of conservative and libertarian bent to write to *Library Journal* and sign up as book reviewers.

Richard H. Rosichan
Miami Beach, Fla.

Effective Defense

I must extend my gratitude to Brian Crozier for his contribution to the February 8 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, "The 'Star Wars' Debate."

Finally, someone has successfully expressed the feelings of us non-warmongers, non-pacifists toward the exasperating liberals who have been so quick to renounce the Strategic Defense Initiative (Star Wars).

In lieu of combatting the opposition to the Strategic Defense policy with which I am frequently bombarded, I shall merely raise a copy of Mr. Crozier's superb essay to silence the dimwits who challenge me.

Andrew W. M. Black
Stuyvesant High School, '87
New York, N.Y.

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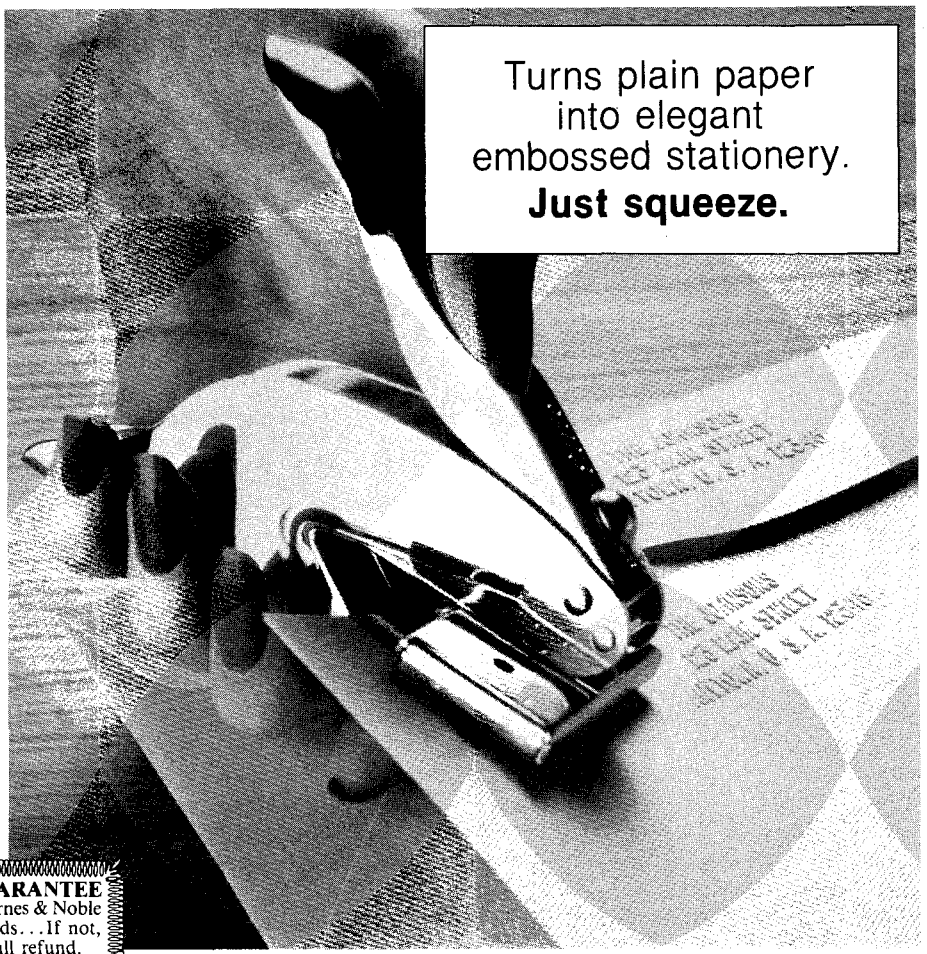

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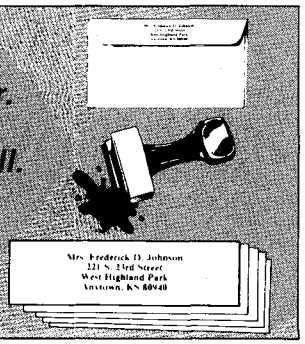

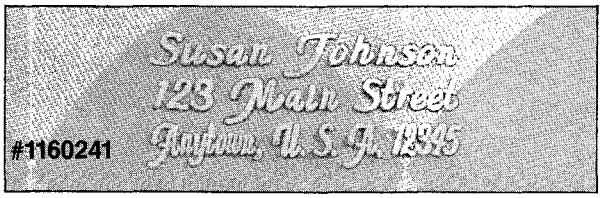

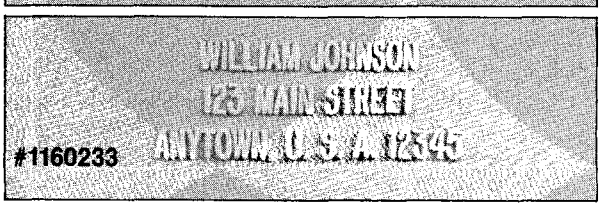

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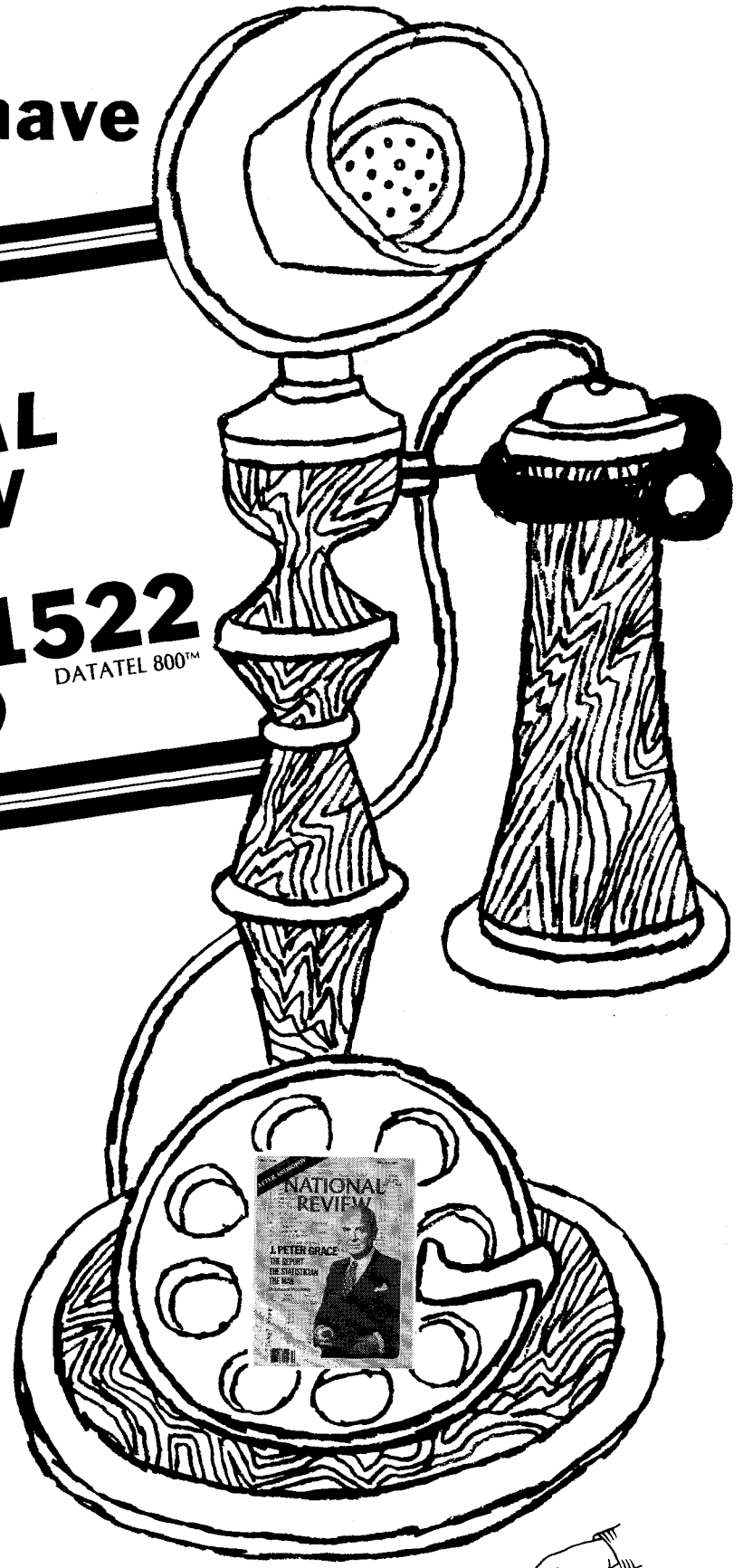

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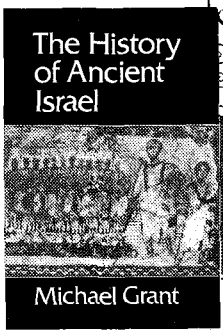

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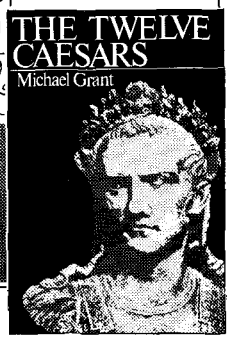

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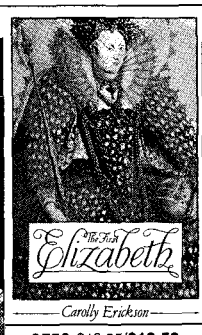

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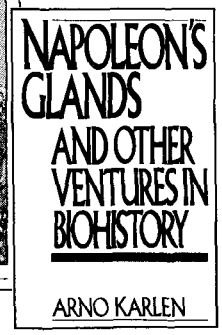

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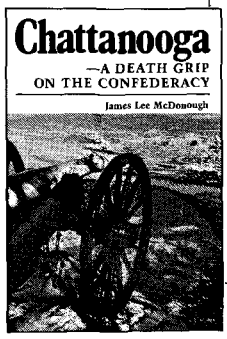

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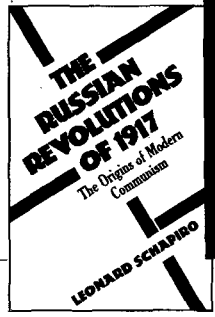

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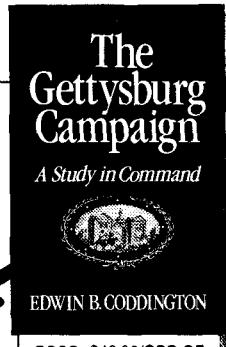

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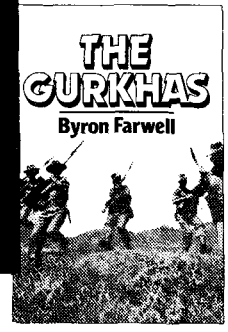

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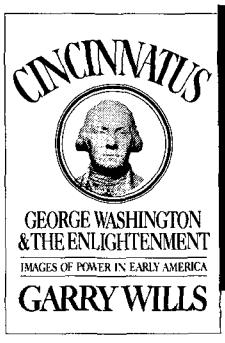

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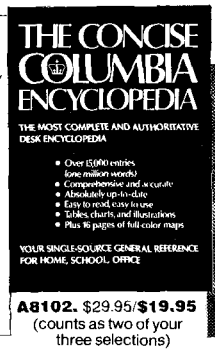
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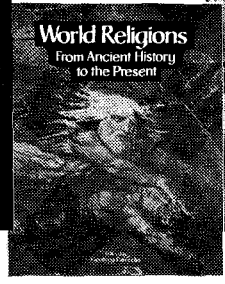

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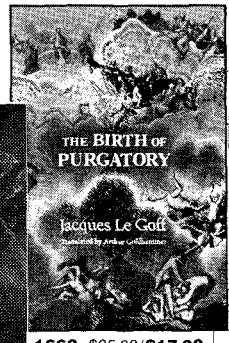

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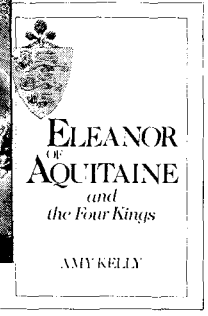

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FOR THE RECORD

No one's sure any more that the Democrats will take over the Senate in 1986 (see also "Cato"). If they don't pull it off that year, says Democratic pollster **Peter Hart**, "they've definitely lost control for a decade [1980 to 1990]—and possibly for 15 years." He feels the GOP Class of 1980, swept in with Reagan, is stronger than its critics say. . . . The seven Republicans **Lane Kirkland**'s AFL-CIO has targeted for extinction are: **Jeremiah Denton** (Ala.), **John East** (N.C.), **Charles Grassley** (Iowa), **Mack Mattingly** (Ga.), **Don Nickles** (Okla.), **Dan Quayle** (Ind.), and **Steve Symms** (Idaho). . . . Among those mentioned as possible opponents to Denton, incidentally, is **George Wallace Jr.** . . . **Paul Kirk**, newly appointed head of Democratic National Committee, says he plans to build a "lean political strike force" and will fire thirty of eighty DNC staff members as a starter. . . . For what it's worth, **Kevin Phillips**'s early line of starters in 1988 Democratic presidential stakes includes: **Edward Kennedy**, **Mario Cuomo**, **Geraldine Ferraro**, **Gary Hart**, **Bill Bradley**, **Richard Gephardt** (of the Bradley-Gephardt flat-tax bill), Sen. **Paul Simon** (he replaced **Charles Percy**), Gov. **Bruce Babbitt** (who hopes to win **Barry Goldwater**'s Arizona Senate seat when Goldwater retires). . . . According to **Evans & Novak**, Mario Cuomo is telling his friends that "a third straight Republican landslide will be ensured if Kennedy is nominated in 1988." . . . **David Garth** reports Cuomo is less than 12 points behind Kennedy in early-bird polls, even though two-thirds of voters don't know who he is. Question: Doesn't that tell us more about Kennedy than about Cuomo? . . . In the White House, says *Christian Science Monitor* columnist **John Hughes**, **Ronald Reagan** is having fun with his critics. "Unemployment is down, inflation is down, interest rates are down, production is up, the stock market is up.

Wheeler, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

How come they don't call it Reaganomics any more?" he asks.

While Big Labor was busy choosing new DNC chairman, out Idaho way the boys were passing the first right-to-work law in nine years—over the veto of Gov. **John Evans**. Campaign was tough despite Department of Labor figures that show the twenty (before Idaho) right-to-work states ranking higher in employment and earnings than non-right-to-work states. . . . In Congress, meanwhile, Sen. Charles Grassley and Rep. **Phil Crane** (R., Ill.) have introduced legislation to bring union violence and racketeering under provisions of **Hobbs** Anti-Extortion Act of 1946. Co-sponsors in the Senate include Majority Leader **Robert Dole** and Republican Sens. Denton, **Domenici**, East, Goldwater, **Hatch**, **Helms**, **Simpson**, and **Thurmond**. . . . Educationists alarmed that three governors—**Rudy Perpich** (Minn.), **Richard Lamm** (Colo.), and **Lamar Alexander** (Tenn.)—are actively exploring various voucher systems to improve education in their states. They're going on assumption that if ever-more-rigid controls haven't helped raise quality of education, perhaps freedom of choice and more flexibility will.

Latest polls in France show **François Mitterrand**'s popularity down to 25 per cent, raising serious doubts his Socialists will be able to retain their majority in the 1986 Chamber of Deputies elections. . . . **George Bush**, speaking at National Press Club in Washington, disclosed that the Soviet Union and its allies have given just about 10 per cent as much in food aid to Ethiopia (approximately $7 million) as have private donors in the United States. . . . In Australia, polls following Prime Minister **Bob Hawke**'s decision not to permit U.S. forces based in Australia to monitor MX tests show a seven-point drop in Labor Party popularity, which, at 43 per cent, is now, for first time since elections a year ago, below popularity of (conservative) Liberal/National Party coalition (47 per cent).

Right on: Next head of National Endowment for the Humanities is expected to be conservative **Edward Curran**, deputy director of Peace Corps, former head of Cathedral School in Washington. He would replace **William Bennett**, now Sec. Ed. . . . NEH Deputy **John Agresto** is slated to become National Archivist. . . . R I P **Alice Widener**, testy longtime editor of *U.S.A. Magazine*, who died last month, age 79, after long illness. Among other accomplishments, Mrs. Widener was first woman member of Mont Pelerin Society. . . . ISI will host symposium on "Educating the Man and the Citizen in America," Boston College, March 29-30, featuring, among others, John Agresto, **Russell** and **Annette Kirk**, **Samuel McCracken** (BU), and **Linda Chavez** of U.S. Civil Rights Commission. For information contact: ISI, 14 S. Bryn Mawr Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010. . . . In the works (if moolah can be raised) a volume of 323 articles **G. K. Chesterton** published in *Illustrated London News* from 1905 to 1911. For details write: Chesterton Fund, Box 353, Carpentersville, Ill. 60110.

Can you believe it? A law is being debated to bar any person in Connecticut from "throwing, flinging, casting, or hurling any uncooked rice at any time during the celebration of any marriage." Uncooked rice is detrimental to the birds you have, of course, invited to your wedding feast.

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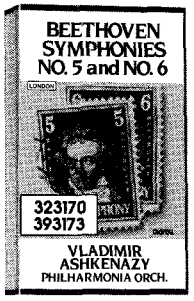

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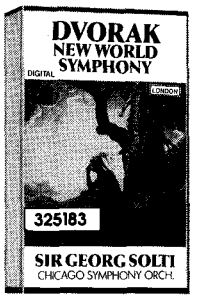
329615. Handel: Water Music: Malgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre duRoy *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

257956. Haydn: Symphonies No. 101 (Clock) and **No. 103** (Drum Roll)—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)



326561. Haydn: 3 Favorite Concertos—Cello in D (Yo-Yo Ma); Violin in C (Cho-Liang Lin); Trumpet in E Flat (Wynton Marsalis) (CBS Masterworks)

326272. Holst: The Planets—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

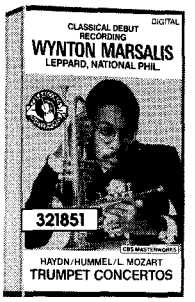
330126. Kodaly: Hary Janos Suite; Alfven: Swedish Rhapsody—Comissiona, Baltimore Symphony *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

321208. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 2,3,5; Mephisto Waltz—Willi Boskovksy, London Phil. (Angel)

314369. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Maazel, Orch. Nat'l de France (CBS Masterworks)

305730. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); **Overtures**—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan) and **No. 17**—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonia Or. (London)



325365. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Symph. No. 40—Casals, Marlboro Festival Orch. (CBS Portrait)

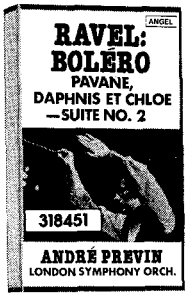
326975. Mozart: Violin Concerto No. 4; Adagio; Rondos—Zukerman plays, conducts St. Paul Chamber Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

309492. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Night On Bald Mountain—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

310698. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Saint-Saens: Danse Macabre; Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice—Maazel, Orch. National de France (Columbia)

316406. Pachelbel Canon & Other Baroque Favorites Boyd Neel, Toronto Chamber Orch. *(Digital*—MMG)

318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Thomas, L.A. Phil. (CBS Masterworks)



245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy: Previn, London Sym. (London)

324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains Of Rome—Dutoit, Orch. de Montreal *(Digital*—London)

318436. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Svetlanov, London Symphony (Angel)

325100. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals—also works by Debussy, Satie. Philip Jones Brass Ensemble *(Digital*–London)

314260. Salieri: Sinfonia Veneziana; more—Pesko, cond. (CBS Masterworks)

321729. Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142—Murray Perahia, piano *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

317677. Schubert: Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished); **Rosamunde Overture and Ballet Music**—von Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (Angel)

324046. Shostakovich: Cello Concerto No. 1; Kabalevsky: Cello Conc. No. 1—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Ormandy, Phila. Orch. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

225888. Smetana: Moldau, Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; etc.—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

310870-390872. Johann Strauss' Greatest Waltzes Ormandy, Szell, Bernstein (Counts as 2—Columbia)

202796. Richard Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra—Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

326405. Stravinsky: The Firebird (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi, Vienna Philharmonic *(Digital*—London)

281493. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring. Zubin Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

326249. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Marche Slav; Romeo & Juliet—Bernstein (CBS Great Performances)

329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

231563. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake and **Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites**—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)

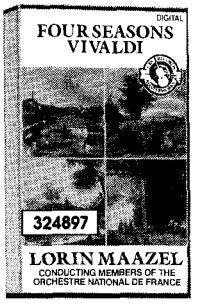
321844-391847. Verdi: La Traviata—Original Motion Picture Soundtrack. Stars Domingo, Stratas (Counts as 2—Elektra)

326447. Verdi: Overtures—*La Forza del Destino, I Vespri Siciliana, Nabucco,* etc. Chailly, National Philharmonic *(Digital*—London)

324525. An Isaac Stern Vivaldi Gala: Concertos For 2 and 3 Violins; etc. Stern, Zukerman, Perlman, others (CBS Masterworks)

323147. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—Sir Georg Solti, Chicago Sym. *(Digital*—London)

310086. Wagner: Overtures—*Flying Dutchman; Rienzi;* etc. Maazel, Philharmonia Orch. (Columbia)



325886. Liona Boyd—Live in Tokyo. Works by Dowland, Soler, Falla, etc. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

292003-392001. Curtain Raisers—World's Favorite Overtures. *Die Fledermaus; Carmen, William Tell;* etc. (Counts as 2—Columbia)

328856. Placido Domingo—Always in My Heart. Spanish songs by Lecuona: *Malaguena,* more (CBS)

326553. Placido Domingo—Great Love Scenes. With Kiri Te Kanawa, Ileana Cotrubas, Renata Scotto (CBS Masterworks)

322347. Marilyn Horne—Live At La Scala. Music by Granados, Handel, Copland, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

326595. Igor Kipnis—Music For The Kings Of France. Harpsichord suites by Marchand and Couperin (Nonesuch Silver Series)

326603. Ivan Moravec plays **Schumann & Brahms.** *Kinderszenen; Intermezzi;* more *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

326108. Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Faith Of Our Fathers. Traditional hymns *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

303453-393454. Pavarotti's Greatest Hits. Works by Bellini, Franck, Puccini, Schubert, Verdi, others (Counts as 2—London)

319582. Jean-Pierre Rampal Plays Scott Joplin. *The Entertainer,* etc. (CBS)

326397. Sutherland/Horne/Pavarotti—Live From Lincoln Center. A truly grand program *(Digital*—London)

320887. Kiri Te Kanawa—Verdi and Puccini Arias. Pritchard, London Phil. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

319848. Andre Watts—Live in Tokyo. Works by Ravel, Brahms, Debussy, Haydn, etc. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

329136. Waverly Consort—Sephardic Songs: songs by Gombert, de Victoria, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

320895. Portrait of John Williams—*Theme from "The Deerhunter"; Fool On The Hill,* etc. (CBS Masterworks)

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THE WEEK

☐ POSTSCRIPT TO 1984: Meese confirmed. Zaccaro sentenced.

☐ Is LBJ still around? In the 8th Congressional District of Indiana last November, the Republican candidate, Rich McIntyre, defeated the Democratic incumbent, Frank McKloskey, by 34 votes. On the recount, the Republican's margin had grown to 418. His victory was certified by the Indiana Secretary of State. In a historic first, the Democratic majority in Congress, operating through Speaker O'Neill, has refused to accept such certification and has referred the matter to the House Administration Committee, where the Democrats have a majority. Fraud! Fraud! The voters in the 8th CD should refuse to submit to taxation until they have representation.

☐ Why is the Reagan Administration planning to destroy six Poseidon submarines, each with an impressive nuclear-missile capacity, each invulnerable to a Soviet first strike? The Soviet Union outnumbers us in deliverable warheads. The Poseidons cost us big bucks. . . . The "answer" to this question is SALT II, which the U.S. has announced that it will observe, unratified though it is. Candidate Reagan called SALT II "fatally flawed." The Soviets have been cheating on it relentlessly. What's going on here? Viva Poseidon.

☐ Gary Hart, attending a NATO conference on nuclear weapons and strategy, noted a "peculiar euphoria" on the subject of space-based defense. Hart himself, of course, was not euphoric. But the question arises: Has space defense—Star Wars—simply won the intellectual argument? "Europeans' snouts," said the British Secretary of State for Industry, "are twitching at the prospect of being at the trough." Margaret Thatcher, who had expressed doubts about the concept in December, now supports Star Wars research, as does Helmut Kohl. François Mitterrand cast his aye vote in 1983. Back in Washington, Fred Iklé, Under Secretary of Defense for Policy, told Congress that space defense "is not an optional program, at the margin of the defense effort. It's central . . . the very core of our long-term policy . . ." When an idea spreads so rapidly, it is usually because of a tremendous accumulated uneasiness with the previous orthodoxy, in this case the combination of academic game theory and institutionalized liberal masochism represented by Mutual Assured Destruction. But the windows have opened, and boy, do people seem to like the fresh air.

☐ It was widely reported that Stevie Wonder was arrested during a demonstration in front of the South African embassy in Washington. "What was not reported," according to NCPAC's Terry Dolan, "was the fact that he was picked up at National Airport by two (not one, but *two*) stretch limousines, taken to his hotel and then to the embassy. The limos waited while he was arrested, followed the police to the station, and took him back to the hotel."

☐ Mr. Robert Crandall of the Brookings Institution, citing his own data and a study by Wharton Econometrics (disputed by Ford Motors), concludes that "voluntary" quotas on importing Japanese autos cost U.S. consumers $4.3 billion last year, or $160,000 for every $30,000 job "saved" in Detroit. The quotas have raised the price of Japanese autos by $1,000 or more, the price of U.S. autos by an average of $400, with "additional losses due to the constraint on the choice of cars." Mr. Crandall says the quota policy is "not worth the candle," questions whether it was "needed" in the first place, and thinks a simple tariff would have been far better. But free trade is better still, and that $4.3 billion would buy back far more jobs in the U.S. economy than might be lost if Detroit is unable to compete in world markets.

☐ There is a need for Foreign Service Officers with "the willingness to tell people what you think, even if that will hurt your career and get you in trouble,"

Swimming with the Democrats

Like a millstone, or like the cement
Tied to stoolies who know its intent,
Jesse Jackson's embrace
Has them treading in place
As they (*glub!*) fight a soggy descent.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

REPUBLICAN CONTROL of the Senate got a not insubstantial boost from Russell Long's dramatic announcement of his retirement. The veteran Louisiana Democrat had been regarded as a sure winner in 1986, so there'll be a wild rush to fill the vacuum. The Pelican State tends to keep its senators in office for protracted stays. (In 1986 Long will have completed 38 years in office, and he would have been within striking distance of Carl Hayden's all-time record of 42 years' service.)

A wild card in Louisiana politics is that state's primary system: All candidates, irrespective of party, enter the first primary. On the GOP side, Representative Henson Moore has already announced, and he may be challenged by Republican Representative Bob Livingston, Republican ex-Governor David Treen, and Democratic Representatives Buddy Roemer and John Breaux, as well as Democratic Public Service Commissioners John Schwegmann and Louis Lambert. In this once-in-a-lifetime (almost literally) contest, watch for one helluva brawl, with Moore currently having the edge.

Senator Long's announcement came on Monday, February 25. The day before, the senator and his wife, Carolyn, spent the afternoon at a Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee seminar in Washington, where they heard presentations from Democratic Senator Tom Harkin on what he had had to do to beat Roger Jepsen in Iowa, and from Ed Graves, Administrative Assistant to former Kentucky Senator Walter Huddleston, who recounted what Republican Mitch McConnell had had to do to defeat Huddleston. Reflecting on these arduous and expensive marathons, and also on the sudden death of his cousin, Representative Gillis Long, five years the senator's junior, a short while ago, Russell Long had a colloquy with his wife and came up with a totally unexpected decision, i.e., to say no to the wear and tear of another run and another term. No matter that a big fundraiser had already been laid on for March 19.

All of which has inspired one Democratic wag on the Hill to note that, what with Democrat Paul Tsongas's retirement (health), Scoop Jackson's untimely death, Tom Eagleton's retirement, and now Russell Long—"Well, if God doesn't want Republicans to keep the Senate, He sure has us fooled."

Also enhancing the odds-on GOP retention of the Senate is the current sorry political state of Alan Cranston (D., Calif.). Although Cranston won easily in 1980 (57 to 37 per cent), the Cranston seat is now in jeopardy, mavens concur. "The presidential primaries were a real drag for Cranston," says one Washington insider. "His age and his liberalism savaged him." In his own party, Cranston will probably be challenged by Dianne Feinstein, now in her mandated last term as San Francisco mayor. On the GOP side, the field is large and luxurious, including (are you ready?) Charlton Heston and Peter Ueberroth (both of whom are now in the process of deciding), Representatives Bobbi Fiedler, Bill Thomas, and Jerry Lewis, Arthur Laffer, and Richard Nixon's 1972 opponent (remember?), Pete McCloskey. Watch for the coffers, especially the GOP's, to be sluicing a veritable cascade of *dinero* in this let-it-all-hang-out California race.

Speaking of letting it all hang out, have you seen Washington's latest giggle item—Marty Davis's photo in *Newsweek*, *People*, *Time*, and, earlier, *Dossier* (Washington's answer to Palm Beach's shiny sheet), a photo that has given new dimensions to the word "curve"? Mrs. Davis is the ultra-shapely spouse of Congressman Bob Davis (R., Mich.), who has been taking umbrage at the Washington stereotype of congressional wives, i.e., not-with-it, homespun, unsophisticated, uncomely, Betty Crocker types (sorry, Betty). Well, her picture did the trick, absolutely; the stereotype was shattered forever, thank you, Marty. As for Congressman Bob, why he's not worried at all. In 1984 he won his district by a 16 per cent margin.

Actually the problem goes beyond the distaff side. Congress*men*, especially Democrats, are complaining about their image, too, and lamenting that the American people have a perception that the Democratic House *is* plethoric-faced Tip O'Neill. But 75 per cent of current congressmen have entered the House since 1974, and the average age is 45. "This is the type of image we've got to project," says 34-year-old Democratic Congressman Mike Synar (Okla.). If only a resourceful Democratic congressman would do for his party and gender what Marty did for hers, why we could all start with a new image of the Hill, and rumpled Tip could go off to his ambassadorship in Ireland. —CATO

former Under Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger, himself an FSO, wrote recently in the *Foreign Service Journal*. But, he added, that is the kind of guts we tend to discourage not only in the State Department but in the bureaucracy at large. It was when Ambassador Evan Galbraith was asked to comment on that statement, and agreed with it, that the sky fell in—on Galbraith's head, not Eagleburger's. The discussion then turned to whether the country is better served by career or political appointees in the key ambassadorial posts, and Galbraith opted for the latter. "I feel," he says, "that ambassadors should be out there running an offensive game. The real role in a major embassy is to be an effective spokesman for the President's views." The *Wall Street Journal*, in an editorial applauding not only Galbraith's stance in this matter but his performance in Paris over the last four years, points out that "it could never be said that the French did not know where he or the Administration stood on difficult issues."

□ *NR* has reported speculation in the chess world that Gary Kasparov, the Armenian-Jewish whiz kid and upstart, was being pressured to throw his match with Anatoly Karpov, the party-line-toeing champion. The Soviets found an easier way to arrange things: When Karpov began to get in trouble, they simply had the match stopped. Kasparov's weak play early on now seems to have been just that—genuine blunders, caused perhaps by overconfidence. He shifted to

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stalling tactics, in the hope of wearing Karpov out. At long last, Karpov succumbed, and dropped two straight games; whereupon Florencio Campomanes, president of the International Chess Federation, which is about as capable of defying the Soviet chess establishment as of flying to Mars, called the whole thing off. Whatever else the match has been, it has given us a real sports breakthrough. Just think of it, pitchers with no-hitters quitting in the bottom of the eighth, marathoners in the lead sitting down after the twentieth mile. We'll look for it at the next Olympics.

☐ There have been social occasions less successful than the recent visit of a delegation of West German Greens to Israel—the Donner Party springs to mind—but the anti-American ecofreaks did their best. One of the party, a convicted gun smuggler, was denied a visa. Then those wacky Greens let slip a private briefing paper that went on about Israeli "terror policies" and an "impending bloodbath in the Middle East," for which Israel would bear "full responsibility." When they dropped by the Knesset, they were booed—a taste of their own parliamentary manners. A bad time was had by all.

☐ SMOKING MAD DEPT.: CBS's *Nightwatch* recently broadcast a debate between George Washington University law professor John Banzhaf, an anti-smoking crusader, and *NR* contributor and universal mind Ernest van den Haag. "The two debaters stood at separate lecterns," reported the *Washington Post*'s "TV Column."

> Banzhaf, who has had a major role in promoting anti-smoking campaigns around the country—including getting anti-smoking public-service announcements on the air—led off the debate with a two-minute statement . . .
>
> But as he finished, van den Haag lit up a cigar . . .
>
> Banzhaf, suddenly angered, told the audience that "my opponent is breaking the D.C. law right now," picked up his *Nightwatch* coffee mug, filled with water, walked over, and doused van den Haag's cigar, which was sitting in an ashtray (Banzhaf said yesterday that van den Haag, despite his objections, had lit up a cigar before the broadcast and so Banzhaf had come prepared) . . .
>
> The seventy-year-old van den Haag then picked up the ashtray, according to Banzhaf, and threw it at him, just missing a cameraman. As it smashed against the wall, he set out after Banzhaf, flailing his arms . . .
>
> Moderator Charlie Rose, who had been standing off camera, made his move to separate the professors but got tangled up in his audio cord . . . The two went back to their lecterns, still smoldering . . .

The re-match will be at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

☐ Fever Swamp Patrol: A Chicago convention of Reverend Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam received a special greeting via satellite from Libya's Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi last week. "This country must be destroyed," announced the colonel. "They refuse to accept you as American citizens. This means you are obliged to create a separate and independent state." Qaddafi called upon black servicemen to desert and form a separate black army to destroy the United States. Farrakhan hailed Qaddafi as "a fellow struggler in the cause of liberation," and said that "Brother Qaddafi is a man the world does not understand." cc: Reverend Jesse Jackson

☐ Meanwhile, in New York, a black ex-Marine named Andy Frederick tried to stop two punks from ripping off a candy vendor. They turned on him and one hit him on the head with a bottle. Frederick pulled a knife and stabbed his assailant in the chest, killing him. After much publicity, Frederick turned himself in and was rewarded with two nights in jail. Who should turn up to console him but Bernhard Goetz, the subway gunman? Could be the beginning of a new Rainbow Coalition.

☐ The Sudan News Agency reports that four followers of an executed opposition leader, given three days to repent or be hanged, have experienced a change of heart.

☐ Folk singer Pete Seeger, who is customarily described as an antiwar and pro-environment activist in our media, is visiting Cuba this week, which he does often and where he is described as a "national hero" in their media, perhaps because he approves of Cuba's numerous wars.

☐ FRONTIERS OF CRIME DEPT.: A junky old pickup truck was stolen from a man in Michigan last December. Two months later he received a phone call from the thief bawling him out for the bad condition of the truck—and giving it back. When he picked it up, he found the truck had been sanded and repainted, and on the front seat was a three-page list of mechanical repairs made by the thief.

☐ For some reason, HHS had second thoughts about announcing a new AIDS test on Valentine's Day.

☐ Rumanian strongman Nicolae Ceausescu recently denounced the rulers of Hungary, with whom he has been feuding, as "imperialist, reactionary, neofascist, Horthyist." Wish we'd been called that.

Dealing with Nicaragua

PRESIDENT REAGAN in his latest press conference *did not* say the Nicaraguan government should be forcibly overthrown—despite heroic efforts by the press corps to make him say just that, and despite

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Terrible Events

Some really drove folks up the wall,
Like, say, Constantinople's fall,
Or watching Hitler's jiggy dance
In Paris at the fall of France,
But nothing drives the press berserk
Like Pat Buchanan hard at work.

W. H. VON DREELE

headlines claiming that he did say it. The President simply made clear that the United States cannot tolerate the continuation of the Sandinista government in its present form—a subtle, but significant, difference.

The press made a controversy of what should have been a truism. Vital U.S. interests are at stake in Central America, a region ten times closer to U.S. borders than Vietnam and bound infinitely closer by history, culture, and trade. Yet the region has no hope for stability and peace if the Sandinistas proceed with the establishment of a full-fledged Marxist-Leninist state closely allied with Cuba and the USSR.

The United States has essentially only four policy options for dealing with Nicaragua. Option one we might call: "Speak loudly and carry a small stick." The United States can substitute rhetoric for action, letting the government in Managua proceed apace with the Gulagization of its country. With assistance from its Communist allies, it will export the revolution abroad, destabilize the region, undermine the sovereignty of its neighbors, and provide an opening wedge for a Communist insurgency in Mexico. Such developments would force the United States to devote increasingly massive defense resources to the region, thus weakening its capacity to meet other important commitments worldwide.

Option two: "Ignore the lessons of history and be doomed to repeat them." The United States can take a Vietnam-like approach—gradually building up forces in the region, gradually introducing them into conflict, and gradually letting so many American soldiers die in an ill-defined cause that the public revolts against the commitment, and the U.S. is forced to withdraw (gradually, no doubt). The ultimate outcome would be the same as in option one, but the agony would be exquisitely prolonged.

Option three: "Get the mule's attention with a whopping big stick." The United States could invade Nicaragua with overwhelming force and put an end to the problem in a few months' time. Hundreds or thousands of U.S. soldiers would give their lives, however, and U.S. forces in NATO would have to be depleted drastically to ensure success. A full-scale invasion would be an immensely difficult and bloody operation for which there is no sound justification at the present time. Neither Congress nor the public would support it, and the repercussions for Reagan's Presidency could be disastrous.

Option four: "Speak softly and carry a big stick." The Administration is essentially doing this now, employing a combination of economic aid and military assistance and training to other countries in the region, aid to the *Contras*, and international diplomacy to seek a solution to the Nicaraguan threat. This approach entails some use of force, but it correctly calls for Nicaraguans to fight for their country's freedom, not American troops. It recognizes the complexities of the situation down south and the crucial importance of economic assistance to friendly governments in the region. The Administration's present policy makes eminent sense, and it should do what TR himself would have done: Stick to it.

Westway and Star Wars

THE HUGE Westway project in lower Manhattan appears about to go ahead after years of environmental and other litigation. It will consist of a landfill along the shore of the Hudson River, an underground highway, a park, and both residential and commercial development. It promises to revive a section of the city that has long been a wasteland. The Army Corps of Engineers has now issued the necessary permit, the last barrier—the impact of the project upon striped bass—having been surmounted.

Westway possesses considerable symbolic importance. In the past, Americans have been capable of carrying out vast projects requiring collective effort over an extended period of time: the parks, roads, bridges, and beaches of Robert Moses; TVA; the atom-bomb project; the vast interstate-highway system begun under Eisenhower; the manned moon landing set in motion by Kennedy. With the Vietnam War, however, an erosion of the collective will occurred. The war effort itself was misconceived and fell short. We lag far behind Western Europe in the development of atomic power, in part because of harassing litigation. It was the Age of Fonda.

Lengthy delays have greatly increased the likely cost of Westway, but if the project is at last under way it might signal a revival of the national will. It had better. Star Wars will require far greater, and sustained, resolve.

Start Cutting: Turkey Number One

PERHAPS THE best thing about President Reagan's very good new budget is that it does *not* demand equality of sacrifice. It chops the real turkeys hardest of all, with smaller cuts for those programs that,

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while still unjustifiable, are arguably not a total waste of money.

Turkey Number One (in a continuing series in this space) is Amtrak. Almost everywhere outside the Northeast Corridor, Amtrak is both slower *and* more costly to operate than air travel; there have been famous cases in which Amtrak would have saved money if it could have discontinued a route and given its passengers free air tickets. As the president of the Norfolk and Western once observed, "People like to watch trains but they don't like to ride them, so Amtrak is not providing a system of transportation but a form of kinetic art."

Are you worried about energy efficiency? Then worry about intercity buses, which are easier by far on oil supplies but from which Amtrak siphons traffic. Even the lowly automobile beats Amtrak on many routes. (Yes, even when hidden subsidies are considered.) National defense? Amtrak lacks the capacity to handle large population movements in emergencies, and the minor track improvements needed to accommodate passenger service are of no particular military significance.

Then there are the political trains: the two routes that used to run through Montana when Mike Mansfield was Majority Leader; the train that left Chicago in the middle of the night so that it could carry Representative Staggers from West Virginia to Washington at a convenient morning hour. In a sense, though, every Amtrak train is a political train. Until Congress abolishes it—leaving the private sector to pick up any pieces that might be made profitable—we will know that it is playing politics as usual.

Mitchell / Rothco

"The waiting line for being arrested at the South African embassy?!! I thought it was for Passage to India.*"*

The Ever Haywire Granary

THE HERO of Ibsen's play *An Enemy of the People* is named Dr. Stockmann. Stockmann is nearly lynched by the people of a solid middle-class town when he dares to tell them their comfortable lives are based on a corrupt source of income. Something of the same fate seems to be awaiting his namesake, David Stockman, who is delivering the same message to various powerful groups that live at the expense of the taxpayer. If he survives the students and the military retirees, he will have to dodge the pitchforks of the angry farm lobby. We should wish him luck.

Farmers play two economic roles in the farm economy, as workers and as investors. In their role of landowners/investors, as Stockman said, many farmers bet wrong on inflation by borrowing money at high interest rates to expand their operations. They cannot make up these losses in their role as workers, since demand for farm produce is sluggish. Time was when our leaders thought they could neutralize the effects of weather cycles and other factors affecting crop yield, maintaining an "ever normal granary" through government planning. But federal subsidies turned out to make the cycles far worse. First, they inflated farmland values, which made the speculative side of being a farmer more important and more variable. Second, they coaxed into the farming business marginal land and farmers whose output is simply not economically justified. "Sodbusting" in the arid Western plains has brought a lot of marginal land into subsidized cultivation by draining fragile aquifers and using enormous amounts of energy for irrigation pumps and fertilizer.

Cutting off the subsidies, thus encouraging these farms to go out of business, will at first seem to make the distress even worse. That is the whole point of dependency; ending it feels lousy at first. But make no mistake: The farm program represents a chronic cycle of welfare dependency, although without a Charles Murray to document its effects. "We are spending more for farm subsidies than we are for welfare for the entire poverty population of this country," Stockman said last year. Senator Exon of Nebraska may filibuster all he likes, but the day of reform is coming.

The Westmoreland Trial

IN RETROSPECT it is painfully obvious that General William Westmoreland should never have attempted to seek redress for CBS's putative libels against him by bringing suit. The most practical reason is simply that the Supreme Court has made it nearly impossible for a public figure to collect. He faces the

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burden of proving malice, which is an even more difficult hurdle than the prosecutor's need to satisfy the standard of "reasonable doubt."

By withdrawing his suit, the general inevitably left the widespread impression that CBS's charge against him—that he was involved in a "conspiracy at the highest levels of American military intelligence"—was simply true. That was the impression he was bound to give if he failed to prove—*prove*, mind you—malice.

CBS made its charge in a documentary that edited out testimony (by Walt Rostow, among others) in Westmoreland's favor. It sought to appease him by offering him air time in which he might have made his own carefully edited case. Instead he chose a forum in which his opponents enjoyed equal time, in which he nevertheless faced the aforesaid heavy burden of proof, and in which he could be frustrated by only a little evidence on the other side. The case dragged on like a Russian chess tournament, and in the end he had spent enormous amounts of time, energy, care, and money to achieve what must have been a humiliating anticlimax. He was fighting on unfamiliar terrain; he was finally forced to pull out.

Conservatives were understandably sympathetic to this honorable old soldier and hostile toward those who had attacked his reputation. But they were deluded if they thought the courtroom was a likely scene for his vindication.

Even so, much has been said about the "chilling" effect of the Westmoreland suit upon the media. This is a complex matter; *NR* does not feel "chilled." But if CBS and those like it are now more scrupulous, a great deal will have been gained.

E Pur Non Si Muove

LOOK AT THE latest non-liberal—none other than Mario Cuomo, who gave the *Grapes of Wrath* speech in San Francisco. If you don't believe it, listen to his aides, who told the *New York Times* that Cuomo's State of the State address to the New York legislature, wherein he proposed some tax cuts (less than the state's Republicans wanted, by the way), was "really a conservative speech." If you don't believe *them*, listen to Cuomo himself in his Chubb Fellowship speech at Yale, which called not for "old liberalism," but for "progressive pragmatism."

Hmmm . . . progressive pragmatism, progressive pragmatism—has a familiar ring . . . Why, yes: Back in 1981, Walter Mondale wrote a cover story for *The New York Times Magazine* in which he informed the world that he had become a "pragmatic progressive." This gives us the key to what's going on. Cuomo, exactly like Mondale, is a never-learn, never-forget, feet-in-concrete liberal. He began his Chubb speech with a modest comparison of himself to Galileo, insisting under his breath, "But still it moves." But Cuomo, like Galileo, can read the election returns; and, like Mondale four years ago, he sees the need for a little protective coloration.

Beneath the always-supple rhetoric, Cuomo keeps the faith. The free-enterprise system, Cuomo explained at Yale, exists to "give government resources." Government's role is to maintain "public education, public health, public schools, public transit, public safety . . . the frail, the poor, the old." But it must not "configure our souls and consciences." Cuomo will probably say it with more class than Mondale, but come 1988 he will be drawing from these premises all the same old conclusions—tax cuts savage the poor, abortion is a right, the education bureaucracy needs umpty-ump more dollars, Jerry Falwell wants to write our prayers.

If Cuomo is smart, and he is, and if Cuomo is running for President, and he is, look for him to follow up this change in his rhetoric by buying into the high-tech field, perhaps with a science-and-technology advisor, an "industrial policy," etc., thus undercutting Gary Hart. And there are angles within angles.

As Evans & Novak suggested of Cuomo's maneuverings during the selection of the new Democratic National Chairman, he may be trying to put himself marginally to the right of the main obstacle to his ambitions, Edward Kennedy, who is too old and too unimaginative even to change his spots, or learn a new speech. Keep your eye on the pol.

How It All Turned Out

John Zaccaro's doing social chores
  For fiscal fabrication,
While the wife, for half a million, bores
  The Pepsi generation.

W. H. VON DREELE

Voodoo Law

AMONG LAWYERS there is a saying that great cases make bad law. Some judges, however, are able to make bad law even out of little cases.

In the recent case of *Garcia* v. *San Antonio Mass Transit Authority*, the Supreme Court was faced with the narrow question of whether mass-transit employees are so intimately involved in the core sovereign functions of state and local governments as to be immune from federal wage and hour regulations under the Interstate Commerce Clause. In an opinion by Justice Harry Blackmun, however, five Justices went beyond this question to hold that *none* of the functions of state and local governments are immune from *any* federal regulations of commerce.

→

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America's Punks

THE TWO "STARS" of our Davis Cup team were recently blown away by the Swedes, and I for one am glad. For that defeat may take some of the thoroughly disgusting arrogance out of America's Punks, Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe. And one may at least hope that it will shock our tennis organizations into forcing these guys to clean up their act—before they permanently sully the reputation of American men's tennis.

Anyone who watched Connors and McEnroe perform in Sweden on December 16 saw one of the most disgusting and vulgar displays of childishness ever seen in a world-class sporting event. Here was Connors reveling in internationally televised obscenity, berating the chair umpire in the vilest street language, and scornfully rejecting the sport's traditional courtesies. Here was McEnroe, the petulant Super Brat, an explosion of bad manners just waiting to happen. Nor is this anything new. Both of them have been carrying on like this for years. Connors, whose mastery of the obscene gesture is unchallenged, has been doing it for more than a decade. Rarely have so few so disgusted so many, both at courtside and in the television audience.

How long must we endure this atrocious behavior? It's bad enough when they behave this way on the pro circuit, but when they are representing their country in Davis Cup play, it becomes utterly intolerable. Maybe this kind of behavior can be tolerated by some of the more marginal sports, like illegal cockfighting or professional wrestling "exhibitions," but tennis in particular has always placed a high value on ritualized courtesy and gentlemanly behavior. The performance in Sweden by these spoiled little rich kids now puts the reputation of tennis's sponsoring organizations on the line. Will the International Tennis Federation (ITF), which controls the Davis Cup play, the United States Tennis Association (USTA), and the Men's Pro Council put Connors and McEnroe into stocks and pillory for their misbehavior? Well, don't hold your breath.

Of course there have been occasional "disciplinary measures." The Men's Pro Council suspended McEnroe for 21 days for an earlier outburst in Stockholm —not long enough, of course, to cause him to miss out on Davis Cup play. And the ITF says it is going to fine Connors the astounding sum of $2,000 for his latest performance. Big deal. It may take Connors as much as 15 minutes to earn back that crushing fine.

The tennis stars of other nations do not behave like these star-spangled bad apples, with the possible exception of Ilie Nastase, whose bad temper might have been caused by too many years in Stalinist Rumania. The Swedes, the Brits, the French, and the Czechs have been models of decorum. The Aussies, whose legendary coach Harry Hopman created one of the finest national programs in any sport anywhere, would not for one millisecond tolerate a player who displayed the Connors-McEnroe brand of bad manners. In fact, the Aussies do have a rising young star who is given to temper tantrums, and they are coming down hard on him to become a gentleman, or find some other country to play for. By contrast, the USTA pours money into programs to develop young players—and then, by its unwillingness to demand high standards of behavior, gives them the strong impression that America's Punks are suitable role models.

The USTA can now act, if it wishes, to save the reputation of the sport. And it's perfectly clear what it should do. The next time somebody puts on the kind of disgusting show we have just seen, it should pull him off the court, default the match, and offer immediate apologies to opponents and fans. Then it should suspend him from professional tennis for a year and promise to suspend any other ranked player who sets foot on a court with him until his time is served, and urge the other national tennis organizations to honor the suspension. That would keep the bad actors out of the tennis Grand Slam tour and deprive them of what they apparently value most—not decent behavior, but a couple of million dollars of tournament and endorsement earnings.

Sure, the networks might demand renegotiation of contracts in the absence of the big stars. Sure, some big sponsors may withdraw, leaving the tennis federations to tighten the belt around their revenue-swollen middles. Sure, the federations may get sued for restraint of trade or some other fool thing contrived by the miscreant's lawyer to make it look as if his client is an innocent victim instead of a bad-mannered jackass. But then no one ever said defending decency, principle, and reputation was a rose garden. It takes guts. We are now about to see whether the leaders of organized tennis have any.

—WILLIAM E. SIMON

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Blackmun's decision overrules a line of cases holding that the constitutional principle of federalism requires at least some such immunity. There is a special fillip to this, for all four of the Justices joining Blackmun had dissented in *National League of Cities* v. *Usery*, the 1976 case in which the Court first applied the state-immunity doctrine. The focus of Justice Brennan's fiery dissent in *Usery* was that the majority was overruling precedents. He expressed shock that "my brethren should choose this Bicentennial year of our independence" in which to repudiate principles he had regarded as settled. One of these principles was that state sovereignty is an "abstraction without substance"; another is that the Tenth Amendment "states but a truism" and therefore should simply be ignored by judges attempting to discern the constitutional relationship between the federal and state governments.

In reasserting these ideas after a decade during which the Court has repeatedly and emphatically disavowed them, Justice Brennan and his colleagues are presumably governed by the principle that it is permissible to overrule precedents during non-Bicentennial years. As Justice Powell points out in his *Garcia* dissent, however, the main point is not what the Court has done to the precedents but what it has done to the Constitution. The Blackmun opinion asserts that the judiciary need not protect the states from unconstitutional encroachments of the Federal Government, because the states can protect themselves through their representatives in Congress. But the argument could just as easily be made that the Court need not enforce the Bill of Rights, since individuals are also represented in Congress.

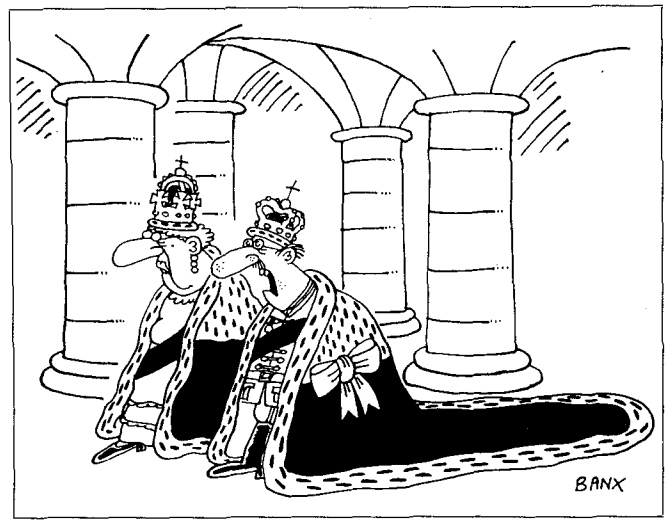
The unfettered power to regulate is the power to destroy. *Garcia* leaves as the only limitation on this power, in the words of Justice O'Connor's separate dissent, the Federal Government's "underdeveloped capacity for self-restraint." The other limitations imposed by the doctrine of federalism have been written out of the Constitution, at least until such time as a majority of the Justices see fit to reassume their constitutional responsibility to say what the law is.

Unpopular Ideas

"WE SIMPLY cannot honor a person holding your views," Stanley McCaffrey wrote to Secretary of Education William Bennett. McCaffrey, president of the University of the Pacific, was explaining why he was retracting an invitation to Bennett to receive an honorary degree. Bennett had given offense by saying, at his first news conference since he assumed his new post, that federal aid to middle-class college students should be reduced. Moreover, he accused the universities of failing to deliver "on their promises [to make students] better culturally and morally."

Bennett is wasting no time in demystifying education. In a subsequent interview with the *New York Times*, he elaborated his point:

> An important part of the responsibility of the humanities, and a large chunk of the liberal arts, is to preserve and carry on a culture.
>
> For some 15 to twenty years now there has been a serious degree of embarrassment, of distancing, even of repudiation of that culture on the part of many of the people whose responsibility, one would think, is to transmit it. Many people in our colleges and universities aren't comfortable with the ideals of Western Civilization.
>
> Bennett stands up and says, "You know, I really think people should be familiar with Homer and Shakespeare and George Eliot and Jane Austen," and they say, "We don't do that any more. Why should we have to do that?" There's a serious disagreement. All right, if the purpose of the institution is not to transmit that culture, then what is the institution's purpose? Find me a better one, okay?



Banx, *Punch* / Rothco

"It's not fair—the rich get richer, the poor get poorer, but we don't get any royaler."

In recalling the educational system to its traditional rationale, Bennett is challenging its current complacency and privilege, both of which rest on a consensus that that system is tacitly abandoning. The student rebels of the Sixties who sought to "politicize" the universities, to make them "relevant," seem to have prevailed: Higher education is left-liberal turf now, and a man like Bennett isn't welcome—especially when he asks, on behalf of the taxpayers who subsidize the universities, "Then what is the institution's purpose?"

That's the question Academia doesn't want to answer. Its refusal to entertain Bennett's "views" is a signal less of its disagreement than of its corruption. The universities are accustomed to generous public support, no strings attached. They have become politicized, all right—as one more gimme-gimme interest group jostling at the federal trough.

Bennett's experience with the University of the Pacific parallels Margaret Thatcher's with Oxford, which recently decided not to give her an almost routine

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honorary degree—she is an alumna—because of her cuts in the education budget. Woe to the politician who won't pay the universities their protection money! But who would have expected the Department of Education to become a force for educational quality? That may not have been the institution's original purpose, but Bennett has found a better one.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: Tony Dolan

Did you catch the relevant excerpts from Ed Meese's speech? It was given at the Reagan Administration Executive Forum at Constitution Hall, in Washington, on January 25 . . .

> Dave Stockman states it very well. When we came here we had a pile of regulations that were about as thick as the novel *War and Peace*. We've got it cut down 'til it is about the size of the *Atlantic Monthly*. We are not going to stop until we get it as thin as the weekly edition of NATIONAL REVIEW.

☐ Dear Bill:

The easiest thing to do about Paul R. Shaw's criticism ["Notes & Asides," Sept. 7] of my use of *soi-disant* would be to ignore it. The next easiest thing to do would be to say *mea culpa*—if Mr. Shaw would permit that Latin trifle. I am going to accept the hardest task; I am going to discuss it.

First, I possess a rather formidable vocabulary, possibly one even as large as your own, and yours is almost legendary. Second, I have given much thought to a classification of the elements of my vocabulary. Some of the words I own I would never put into writing, much less speak them; they are useful only for working puzzles and for understanding those misguided persons who do use them. I use a subset in speaking with children. I use another subset in letters to the local newspapers. The largest subset is the one I use in writing to the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Fowler, whom Mr. Shaw cites, after listing 14 categories—he calls them pigeonholes—into which French words might be placed, goes on to say: "But to distribute into such pigeonholes when made is a less simple affair, owing to the disturbing effects of audience & occasion." Fowler's was published in 1926. English has changed in almost sixty years.

I could give hundreds of examples of French terms that came into English, first with their literal meanings the same as in French, and then took on a specialized English sense. *Brassière* is one. To this day it means a number of things in French: the shoulder strap of a knapsack, in the plural, the leading harness of infants, breast support, etc. It means only the last in English. The English meaning of some French loan-words has no relation to the French meaning.

Now to the issue: If I say a man is a so-called, or self-termed, engineer, I mean he is no engineer at all. If I say he is a *soi-disant* journalist, I suggest that it is an affectation for a reporter to call himself a journalist.

Besides, I think *soi-disant* lends a certain flavor, a *je ne sais quoi*, to the letter about quantum jumps. On page 55 of the same issue in which Mr. Shaw's criticism appeared, in "On the Right," I find *trompe l'œil*. If a letter to a fellow who uses *trompe l'œil* is not an occasion, and he an audience, that permits me to use *soi-disant*, I give up. I won't go back to Run Jane, Run, Run, Run. I'm too old for that.

Affectionately,
Bill
[W. M. Woods]
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have just read your thoroughly enjoyable *Marco Polo, If You Can*. As one who had more than a casual connection with the U-2 program, as a Buckley aficionado, and as one who loves the graceful use of the language, I was absorbed and delighted.

But with what dismay did I read the final (excluding epilogue) sentence: "The meeting between the three allies lasted another two hours"! How could the man who serves up such succulents as "adumbrated" and "brummagem" be so lax with "among" and "between"?

If, perish the thought! you are among the Safire-phobes who rebel against grammatical discipline—if this is the sort of pedantic nonsense up with which you will not put—consider that "between" stems from the O.E. roots of "two," an etymological heritage that simply cannot be ignored for the sake of freedom.

I beg you to restore my faith in you. Tell me you made a mistake.

With great respect,
John A. Wolfe
Burlington, Mass.

Dear Mr. Wolfe: Sorry, you lose. See Fowler: "**between** is a sadly ill-treated word . . . **1.** *B.* and *among*. The OED gives a warning against the superstition that *b.* can be used only of the relationship between two things, and that if there are more *among* is the right preposition. 'In all senses *between* has been, from its earliest appearance, extended to more than two. . . . It is still the only word available to express the relation of a thing to many surrounding things severally and individually; *among* expresses a relation to them collectively and vaguely: we should not say *the space lying among the three points* or *a treaty among three Powers*.' " Cordially, **—WFB**

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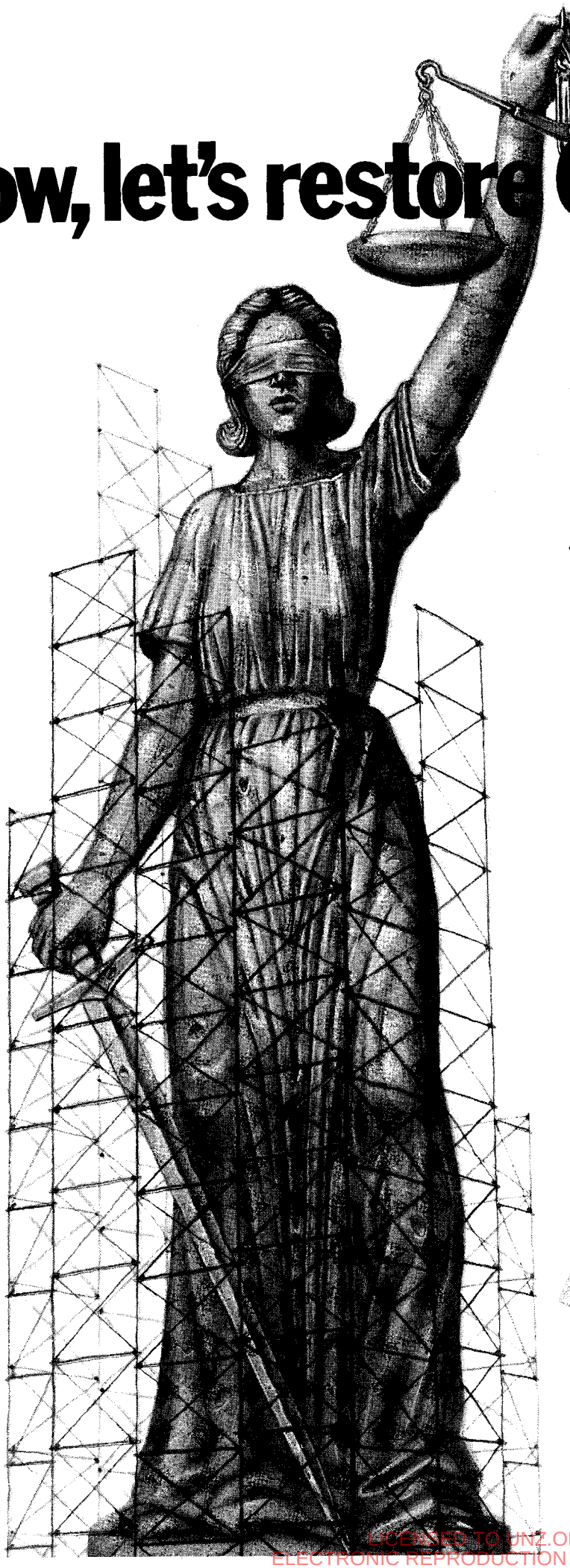
Now, let's restore Civil Justice.



Year after year, our civil justice system has become slower. More costly. Less fair to the very people it was meant to help.

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A 1984 Rand Corporation study of thousands of asbestos-related lawsuits shows how serious the crisis has become. Cases closed took an average two years and eight months, with 11 percent taking six years. How much money went to asbestos victims? Only 37 percent of the expenses and compensation paid by defendants and insurers. The other 63 percent went to pay litigation costs.

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FARM BLUES

HARDSHELL conservatives here tend to take a jaundiced view of the vaunted plight of the farmers. They sit in the Stockman section of the budget bleachers, cheering when the OMB Director urged that American taxpayers ought not to "re-finance bad debt incurred by consenting adults," referring to the foolish land speculation of some farmers in the high-inflation days of the Seventies. Certainly, in theory bailouts are bad form, and we ought to encourage everyone to practice capitalism as well as preach it. But a principle is a principle is a principle. "If Stockman wants free-enterprise agriculture," Senator Charles Grassley (R., Iowa) notes trenchantly, "he's got to want free enterprise at the Pentagon, more competitive bidding there, and less subsidizing of the defense industry."

Also, before letting the farmer-debtors go down the tubes, conservative true believers might want to take a hard look at the candidates that farmers are electing these days throughout the heartland—i.e., liberal, populist Democrats. Tom Harkin thrashed conservative incumbent Roger Jepsen in Iowa's 1984 Senate race. True, Jepsen had problems of a non-agrarian nature, but, more importantly, he failed to portray himself as a) a helper of farmers and b) a dissident from the Reagan Administration, as Republicans Grassley, James Abdnor (S.D.), and Mark Andrews (N.D.) have. Senator Harkin, on the other hand, milked the farm Angst and continues to do so, recently saying that Iowa was "literally dying," and that if David Stockman ever chose to visit the Hawkeye State, he would be "lynched" on sight. Other less fiery but no less skillful politicians of the Harkin school include liberal, populist Democratic congressmen Byron Dorgan (N.D.), Thomas Daschle (S.D.), Richard Durbin and Lane Evans (Ill.), Berkley Bedell (Iowa), and Timothy Penny (Minn.). In each of their congressional districts Mr. Reagan won, yet each district returned its Democratic congressman to office by (almost uniformly) larger margins.

No one in Washington is suggesting that the Republican retention of the Senate is imperiled by the current agrarian crisis and the consequent increase in the vulnerability of conservative Farmbelt senators. Yet, many thoughtful right-wingers in Washington believe that when conservative farm folk are represented by liberals of the Harkin, Dorgan, and Bedell stripe, you have a troubling political abnormality that could easily get worse.

FARMERS in the United States number 2.4 million and, roughly, can be classed into three strata: The first is large-scale operators, who total 25,000 (many being corporate farmers), producing nearly half of America's agricultural profits. In the second group are over a million and a half part-timers holding down an off-the-farm job while farming, say, twenty acres of tobacco on the side. The third stratum is the troublesome one—the yeoman tillers, numbering 650,000, who earn their living exclusively from the soil.

High interest rates are the major force squeezing the farmers, some 18 per cent of whom have loan problems. Interest rates have reached 14 per cent in some areas, yielding $21 billion in interest on farm loans. Income, on the other hand, has averaged only $23 billion over the last two years. This kind of imbalance has led to a skyrocketing of farm debt to $212 billion. Foreclosures are pushing 15 per cent in some counties.

To a great extent, the cause of the problem is worldwide overproduction in 1981, 1982, and 1984. The strong dollar and European protectionism inhibit exporting. Also, the devastating 1983 drought in southern Iowa, southern Illinois, and Indiana took its toll. Then, too, the effects of the Carter grain embargo are still being felt: Instead of the 25 million metric tons the U.S. had been about to sell to the USSR just before the embargo was imposed, today the sale is a scant 13 million tons, with the Russians turning to Argentina, Australia, and Canada to spread out their dependence.

Secondary and tertiary businesses that rely on the solvency of the U.S. farmer are likewise hurting, and badly—farm-machinery manufacturers (like John Deere), mom-and-pop markets, rural banks. "Mainline business is hit all along the line," says Senator Grassley, who has been pushing for four years for an across-the-board budget freeze. Iowa has five hundred agricultural banks (that is, banks that have more than 25 per cent of their loans tied up in agriculture). Of those, says Grassley, 140 are in trouble.

So what do Grassley and his twenty-odd Senate brethren from the farm country want? First, $4 billion to restructure the farm debt ($3.94 billion more than Agriculture Secretary John Block has offered). Second, a freeze on existing target prices at the FY '85 level, which adds up to a $17-billion subsidy through price supports and other adjustments. This amount is $7 billion more than the Administration wants for FY '86, and $12 billion more than it wants for FY '88. "The Administration is not going to get its way," says Grassley, and White House insiders generally agree.

Is this a time for Reaganites to relax a little on their commendable laissez-faire-ism? Farmers should be made to be more free-marketeering, certainly, but should it be done so as to make the patient die on the operating table? Getting farmers through the interest crunch would seem to be a priority for the GOP, a party known to revere politics' golden rule: Take care of thine own. □

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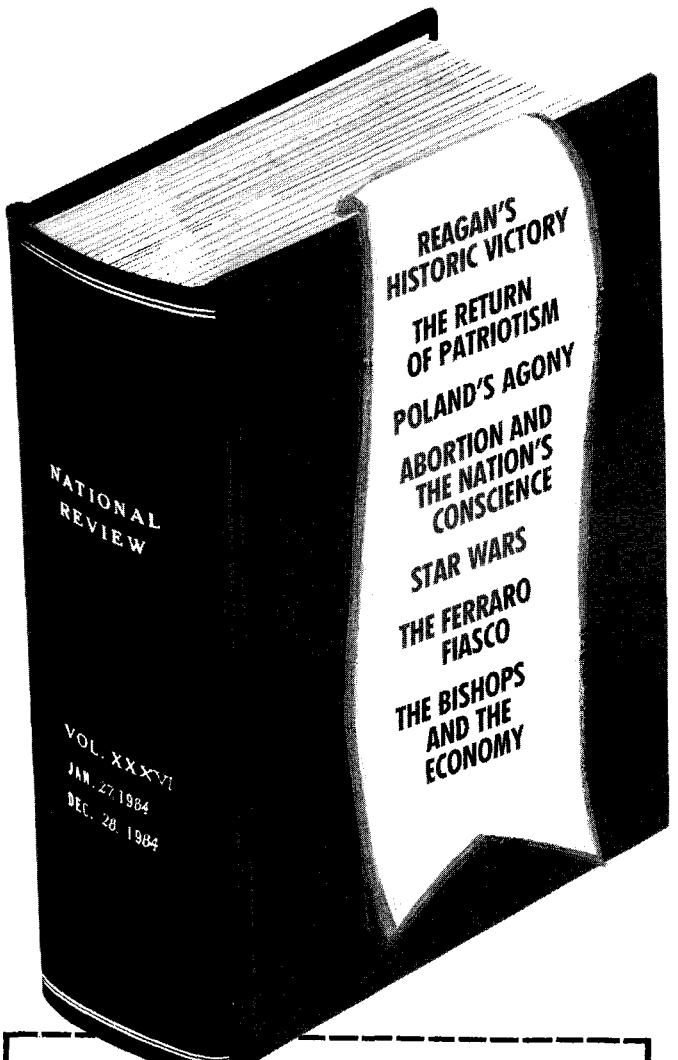

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HELSINKI REVISITED

THE "HELSINKI PROCESS" is still with us, and I think we should all ask ourselves whether it should be allowed to run and run, or to fade away in peace (or not, as the case may be).

Quite shortly, on April 23 in Ottawa to be exact, the Helsinki process will be in the headlines again, so now is the time to think about it. That day, a preparatory meeting of the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE) will gather to discuss questions concerning "respect in their member states for human rights and fundamental freedoms in all their aspects as embodied in the Final Act."

The Final Act was signed by the CSCE participants in Helsinki in July 1975. What has it achieved in the ten years since then? What can we legitimately hope that it should achieve?

The Soviets did pretty well out of détente and Helsinki, though not quite as well as they had hoped. Explicitly, they had expressed the hope that détente would bring the dissolution of NATO and the Warsaw Pact (implying the departure of U.S. forces from Europe), recognition of the "immutability" of frontiers (i.e., of the permanence of Stalin's European empire), and a document with the force of a peace treaty. They didn't gain any of those objectives.

What they *did* get was a commitment to the "inviolability" of frontiers (meaning that the Western powers would not, say, use military force to evict the Russians from Poland or Hungary). More immediately important were the immense benefits of access to advanced Western technology on easy credit terms. There were also important psychological and political gains, especially during the Carter Presidency, when in the name of détente it was fashionable to take Soviet protestations seriously, and the USSR was allowed to gain a massive lead in weapons.

For gains like these the Soviets were prepared to pay lip service to such principles as the free movement of people, ideas, and publications. In practice, of course, the Soviets went right on jailing dissidents or confining them to psychiatric wards, keeping out any Western publications of which they disapproved (i.e., most of them), and jamming Western broadcasts.

So what is gained by the Helsinki process? Part of the process was the first Helsinki review conference, held in Belgrade in 1977-78. I don't think I exaggerate when I say that it ended in a straight Western capitulation to the notion that everybody knows the Russians are difficult, and you could hardly expect them to apply the principles to which they had freely consented.

As for the later review conference, held in Madrid, the balance sheet is a trifle more complicated. By then, the United States and Britain had new governments and leaders not afraid to speak out against Soviet violations of the Final Act, and of human rights in particular. The American delegation was led by the robustly outspoken Ambassador Max M. Kampelman, who used the Madrid forum to subject the Soviets to a continuous and very telling lambasting.

What, however, happened in the end? Well, in the end, it began to look awfully like Helsinki and Belgrade all over again. In a lengthy "concluding document," the participating states expressed "their determination to promote and encourage the effective exercise of human rights and fundamental freedoms" and to ensure the right of workers freely to establish their activities, and other rights.

I haven't noticed that this documentary conclusion to *34 months* of discussions has helped Lech Walesa and Solidarity to achieve official recognition, or that the 51 people monitoring Soviet observance of the Final Act have been released from jail.

We were back, in fact, to yet another example of the "diplomatic syndrome": the notion that any agreement is better than none.

Mr. Kampelman, now to head the U.S. disarmament negotiating team, went on record (in an interview in the February *Encounter* with the very erudite Mr. George Urban, Director of Radio Free Europe) as saying that the Western delegations in Madrid had "successfully turned Helsinki around—to our advantage."

WITH OTTAWA coming up, I believe a considerably tougher attitude is called for. The Western delegations should use the forum of Ottawa to make a solemn return to the fundamental principle of the self-determination of peoples and call for its application in such areas as Eastern Europe, Afghanistan, and, not least, the constituent republics of the USSR. Now, some of the West's representatives believe that if the West is patient and goes on with the Helsinki process the day will come when the Soviet system will "liberalize" and "humanize" itself. Mr. Kampelman indeed said as much in the *Encounter* article mentioned earlier.

I do not share this optimism, which seems to me to fly in the face of the accumulated evidence of the character of the Soviet state since Lenin. If the Soviets liberalize and humanize, their system dies. So they will remain deaf to Western appeals on self-determination and the principles of the Final Act. But the real point is: Why should they get away with it, with yet another anodyne final communiqué?

Why not use Ottawa for maximum exposure of the hollowness of the Soviets' lip service to noble principles and face them with the choice of either bearing the odium of breaking the Helsinki process, or complying with the Final Act, on pain of losing all that beautiful Western technology? □

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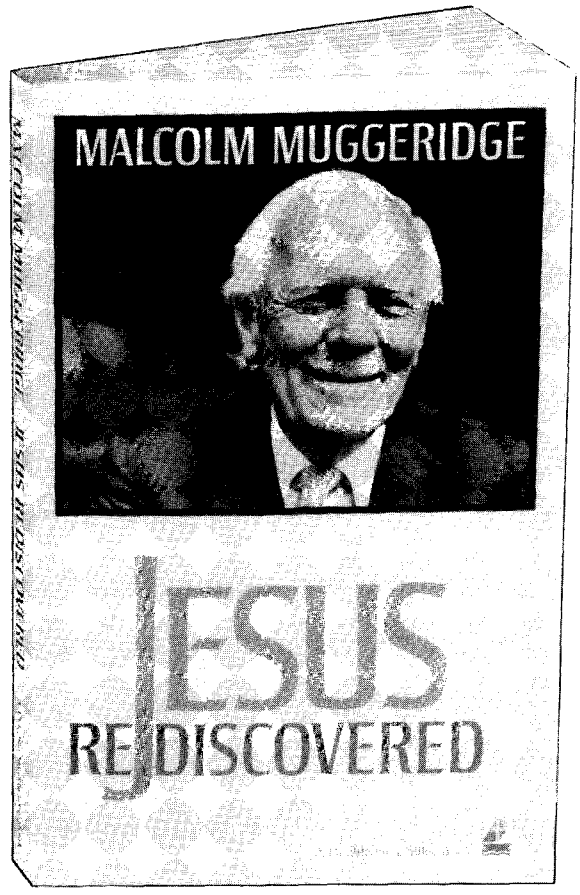
HERE IT IS!



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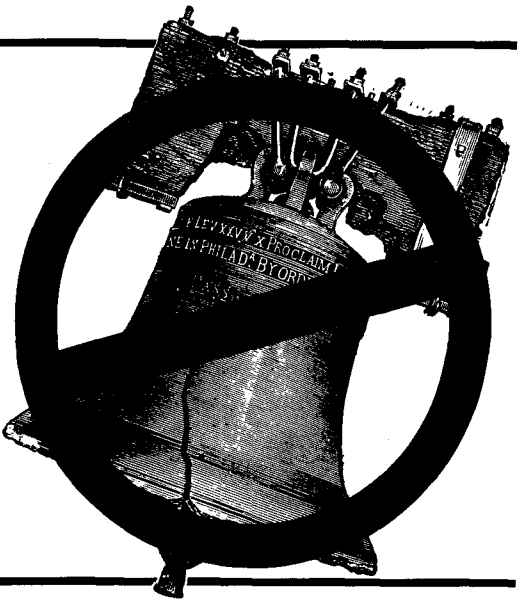
Is CONSERVATISM Un-American?



CHARLES R. KESLER

POOR GEORGE WILL. He intended his book *Statecraft as Soulcraft: What Government Does* to be seminal to modern conservative thought, but instead it received sharply critical attention in every major conservative publication. This would ordinarily not matter to the independent Mr. Will. But it has to matter when you consider that his stated intention was to re-invent American conservatism. Although many reviewers concentrated their criticism on his ostentatious embrace of the Welfare State, I doubt that this public display of affection is really the heart of the book, however much it may have endeared Will to the editors of *The New Republic*. The crux of Will's analysis is the idea that the American regime—the constituent ideas and institutions of American politics—is radically defective. America is, as he puts it, "ill-founded." To defend America adequately therefore requires an appeal to some authority or body of principles essentially *foreign* to it (the Welfare State, he points out, was pioneered by Disraeli and Bismarck); and the object of his book was to prove that the indispensable first step toward leading the country to health is agreeing solemnly, publicly, unflinchingly on the pathology of the American soul.

But the question for Will is whether, on the basis of his understanding of America, it is really *worth* saving. "We should judge a society by the character of the people it produces," he writes. In America today, "all of the nation's life is marked by excess and by disdain for what once was . . . thought to be a virtue: self-denial." On considering such a charge, you might first conclude that Will is saying that we are not the men our fathers were, a proposition famously advanced by Abraham Lincoln and fully supported by the available evidence. Instead Will is saying that we are indeed our fathers' sons. We are the incarnations of a large error that has grown out of a small, or at any rate smaller, error in reasoning at the beginning of our national life. You see, America began with a "self-conscious commitment" to rely on "self-interestedness" rather than on "better motives"; is confined to "low and narrow" governmental purposes, because it is built upon the "low but steady passions"; is dedicated to "freedom, understood as a passionate way of life"; operates under a commission "to increase pleasure and decrease pain"; has a public philosophy of "low expectations," and public institutions that seem "unconcerned with the bridling of egoistic motives." For the Founding Fathers, and especially for James Madison (who is Will's anti-hero), "the political problem is seen entirely in terms of controlling the passions that nature gives, not nurturing the kind of character that the polity might need." And since the regime "does not encourage self-restraint, self-denial, and moderation in any sphere of life," it should not surprise us that American statesmanship exists only to serve "modest, even banal aims."

Merle Haggard, the country singer and political philosopher, sang a song in the late 1960s whose title verse was, "When you're runnin' down my country, you're walkin' on the fightin' side of me." His target was the counterculture and the New Left, but I think the sentiment defensible whether the "running down" comes from the Left or from the Right. It is not that criticism of our own country is forbidden, or disloyal; certainly no one is claiming that America is perfect, or denying that it is right to seek, within reasonable limits, to improve that which you love. I object to Will's criticisms—which are virtually the same as those hurled in so bitter and blackguardly a fashion by the New Left—because I find them to be *untrue*. But it would be unfair to single out George Will when the intellectual pedigree of his analysis leads straight to the group that forms the closest thing conservatives have these days to an intellectual orthodoxy on the campus—namely, the students and disciples of the late Leo Strauss.

It is not that there are a lot of Straussians, or that they are widely distributed around the nation's campuses. It is the weightiness and obvious seriousness of their thought, along with their self-consciousness as a school, that mark them off as the most powerful conservative intellectual force in the academy. Their colleagues may not acknowledge this, but they usually recognize it, and very often resent it, both because the better students are attracted to Straussian teachers, and because the very presence of men who take political philosophy seriously is a standing reproach to the connect-the-dots sociologizing that many political scientists now practice. To confirm the truth of this

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at the highest levels of American education, you have only to recall the truncated careers of Willmoore Kendall and, lately, Thomas Pangle in the Yale political-science department.

The intellectual origins of Will's critique may be found, then, in the earlier writings of the Straussians who have investigated America (Strauss himself did not write on the American regime as such). The seminal article is the late Martin Diamond's "Democracy and *The Federalist*: A Reconsideration of the Framers' Intent," published in March 1959 in the *American Political Science Review*. Present-day study of *The Federalist* owes much to the efforts of Diamond, whose career centered on the interpretation of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay's work as the best guide to the character of the American regime. Diamond developed an account of *The Federalist* that placed the "reliance upon passion and interest" at the heart of its argument. In "perhaps the most remarkable and revealing single sentence in the book," he wrote, "Publius speaks of 'this policy of supplying, by opposite and rival interests, the defect of better motives.'" "The Madisonian solution," in short, "involved a fundamental reliance on ceaseless striving after immediate interest (perhaps now immediate gratification)." The "extended sphere" or great size of the Republic, together with its commercial character, was the key to Madison's solution of the problem of democratic government: Allow for a multiplicity of interests to defuse class conflict and inhibit the formation of an unjust majority. But American liberalism and republicanism, based on the conflict between and the canceling out of these interests, are "not the means by which men may ascend to a nobler life; rather they are simply instrumentalities which solve Hobbesian problems in a more moderate way."

Here is a syllogistic way of putting it:

Thomas Hobbes is (in Walter Berns's phrase) "the founding father of liberalism."

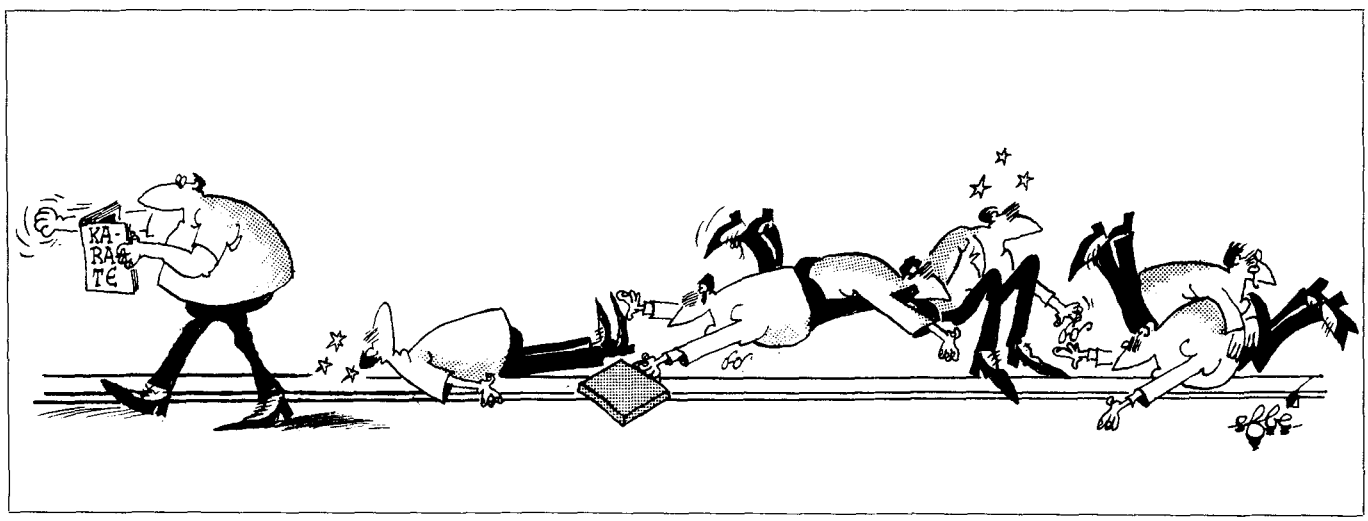
The United States is a liberal democracy.

Therefore, Thomas Hobbes is the founding father of American democracy.

What Hobbes accomplished, and what inspired the organization of America, was, to quote Berns again, "a radical change in the acknowledged purpose or goal of political society. No longer would the 'city' attempt to satisfy the desires of the soul, for it is the pursuit of such desires—glory or salvation, for example—that promotes conflict and war, both foreign and civil; it would confine itself to satisfying the desires of the body, or providing the conditions under which they might be satisfied." The essence of America is thus a moderate Hobbesianism, in which the channeling and manipulation of passions take the place of moral, political, and religious virtues; in which fear of violent death turns men away from politics to the bloodless killing of commerce; in which men love their fathers for the sake of their estates, and their country for the sake of themselves.

But a regime dedicated to getting and spending could never satisfy the human heart. So it should not surprise us, say the Straussians, that the thought and way of life of the American people, particularly of its intellectual and political leaders, departed from the parchment limitations of the regime in search of some cause or doctrine more noble, more powerful, or at least more plausible. If the result was the pursuit of fashionable, ready-made dogmas, never mind: America is not only a democratic country given to love of the new, but a modern country conceived in the spirit of progress. The Founding—that is, the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and to some extent the statutory law—is nothing more than a frozen moment in modernity, around which swirls the promethean fire of ever more radical modern doctrines, influencing Americans' actual ways of life and thought. The names of some of these doctrines are well known. Natural science, socialism, existentialism, and psychoanalysis have all raised the temperature of modern American life at the expense of—but also at the invitation of—our founding principles. It is thus fair to conclude, as Joseph Cropsey says, that "the United States is an arena in which modernity is working itself out." Or, more elaborately, that the U.S. is "a microcosm of modernity, repeating in its regime, on the level of popular consciousness, the major noetic events of the modern world."

The calm center of this radical hurricane is, of course, Soviet Marxism, so the practical alternative to bourgeois American life is much worse; but as a motive for defending ourselves, hatred of the Soviet alternative may be necessary but is hardly sufficient. The Nazis hated the Soviets, too. In fact, it is possible to argue on halfway (though only halfway) plausible grounds that life under the shadow of the Gulag might in some respects be preferable to a regime of civil and religious freedom. In the East, ac-



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cording to Solzhenitsyn, people have deeper and more interesting characters than in the West, where soft nihilism enervates all that is noble, and soulless affluence profanes everything that is sacred. Of course, no responsible critic claims that the spiritual condition of the West is a sufficient reason for *abandoning* the American cause—but it is just as surely not a very good reason for *defending* it.

Yet it is no exaggeration to say that the view of America as base but better than the alternative—as the lesser of two modern evils—has gone far toward becoming the new American public philosophy, the lack of which has been deplored by both Left and Right, on the assumption that it is either impossible or unwise to recover the meaning of America as expressed in our original and highest principles. This is the central idea behind the manifold opinions communicated twice a week in George Will's influential newspaper column, as well as in neoconservatism's think-tanks and magazines, and on the campus it is daily drilled into new generations of students and future teachers.

With what result? It may be difficult to see now, but I believe the result will be increasingly to demoralize America, to debunk its principles and dethrone its heroes. Not as Charles Beard and the Progressive historians tried to do, by showing that the Fathers were moved by greed rather than public spirit; but, perhaps more perniciously, by asserting that the Founding Fathers did not *know* what moved them, because they did not quite understand what they were doing. Which is the equivalent of saying that they were not free themselves, but were in fact determined in their actions and thoughts by forces or causes extrinsic to them. The revolutionary struggle for liberty, however noble it may have been or may have seemed, was "engulfed," to use Thomas Pangle's term, by theoretical categories deriving from modern political philosophy that have ever since "shaped . . . all of America's attempts to understand itself." Our Fathers did not or could not realize—at least they did not see the most important consequences of the fact—that they were founding a regime that would have no future use, or care, for men like themselves: for men, as Martin Diamond put it, of "the founding kind."

AMERICA IS MODERN—is modernity—according to the Straussians. But Thomas Jefferson said that the Declaration of Independence was "an expression of the American mind," of the "common sense of the subject" of independence, drawn, *inter alia*, from "the elementary books of public right, as Aristotle, Cicero, Locke, Sidney, etc." What do the Straussians make of the fact that the *author* of the Declaration understood it to be an expression of right deriving from both moderns *and* ancients? Well, they say typically that Jefferson did not *understand* Aristotle and Cicero; or that his grasp of Locke and Sidney was a trifle loose; perhaps again that he fathomed none of them very deeply. What then *did* he understand? Finally the answer seems to be: He understood *enough*, in the sense that he understood things as his age understood them —and the spirit of his age reflected modern political philosophy.

Modern political history is therefore primarily a reflection of the history of modern political philosophy. But this is really the premise of historicism, not of the understanding of politics on its own terms or with a view to natural right. That Straussians adopt this premise tacitly, and sometimes not so tacitly, may be gathered from their characteristic approach to the study of America: They confine themselves to interpreting American political texts (usually *The Federalist*) in light of the alleged influence of modern philosophy on them. They do not begin from the standpoint of American statesmen and citizens, with the question what is the best thing to do or that could have been done under particular circumstances.

Yet it was Leo Strauss's first rule of interpretation that before we evaluate or pass judgment or attempt to understand an author or statesman differently from the way he understood himself, we must first seek to understand him on his own terms. That is a rule not only of simple fairness but of simple understanding. It therefore must make

In a good regime anything that tends to lessen our reverence for our Founding Fathers must therefore be looked upon with wise suspicion

a difference that Jefferson understood himself to be drawing on the reasonable agreement of such men as Aristotle, Cicero, Locke, and Sidney. The Straussians like to declare, in Thomas Pangle's words, that they come to the study of political things "with fresh eyes of wonder and with an almost unprecedented minimum of preconceptions." But in their studies of America, they bring along a very great preconception: the sovereign distinction between ancients and moderns, which is imposed upon the phenomena from the beginning. Now, I do not deny that in the field of political philosophy there is a fundamental distinction between ancients and moderns, nor that the insights of ancient political philosophy are necessary to the full understanding of politics as such. But does it follow that the proper method of this understanding is to compare American political life, or even the documents of American political life, with chapters of Aristotle's *Politics*? The American Founding or the American regime is not a chapter in the Strauss-Cropsey *History of Political Philosophy*, and should not be treated as if it were. To reduce it to a moment in the unfolding of modern self-consciousness does violence to both philosophy and politics, but mostly to the truth, for it robs statesmen of the freedom that we know them to have had and that we look to them to exercise today.

To begin "with fresh eyes of wonder" should mean to be awake to the self-understanding of Jefferson and of the American people in the Declaration of Independence, of Publius in *The Federalist*, and of American statesmen in general as they have attempted to do their duty. Unless statesmen are complete captives of the spirit of their age, they are free to exercise their practical wisdom to deliberate on the best means to the ends of justice and the common good. How they understand justice and the common

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good cannot be settled by appeal to the Zeitgeist or to books they may have read, but must instead emerge from the careful analysis of their words and deeds.

For example: A closer look at *The Federalist* would show, I believe, a rhetorical movement from the more democratic, and sometimes almost Machiavellian, discussion of Union in the early part to the more aristocratic account of the Constitution in the later numbers. Following Martin Diamond's lead, many commentators fail to recognize the significance of the fact that Publius omits from his definition of "faction," not once but twice in the oft-quoted Number 10, those "united and actuated by some common impulse" of opinion (as opposed to passion or interest), as if to suggest that a common opinion is not only compatible with free government but necessary to it. And that the foundation for a common good based on such a common opinion is laid in the shift from the standard of necessity, which reigns in the first part of the book, to the standard of good government, enunciated at the end of Number 36 in order to commence the "more critical and thorough survey" that stretches from Number 37 to the end. But the interesting way in which republican government evolves into good government in the course of Publius's argument is overlooked or misprized in the general haste to identify *The Federalist* with the low, low, low horizons of modernity.

Similarly, Publius is often presented simply as an adept of the modern science of government, as an "innovator," in accord with what he himself claims early on in Numbers 9 and 14. Unnoticed is how he backs away from that claim, especially in Numbers 37 to 40, stressing instead the problems of founding and implicitly measuring himself against such ancient founders as Solon, Lycurgus, and, lest we forget, his namesake, Publius Valerius of the Roman republic. (That the book presents itself as the work of a great Roman statesman, or as an imitation of his work, is a remarkable fact, the significance of which is rarely pondered.) This discussion of the "irregular" character of foundings, and particularly of the relation between consent and wisdom, forms the prelude to the whole discussion of the separation of powers and judicial review. Here the delegates to the Constitutional Convention are styled the doctors to the people's political health, and the prudent inquiry, i.e., the inquiry of prudence, is said to be "in all cases . . . not so much *from whom* the advice comes, as whether the advice be *good*." This is, I think, about as much as could be asked for in a political statement of wisdom's claim to rule.

George Will warns that the Founders' emphasis on self-interestedness was "too stark" and "unidimensional," that "a conception of human nature can be somewhat self-fulfilling." But it is Will's own emphasis (he asserts that American society was founded "with explicit and exclusive reference to self-interestedness"—*exclusive* reference, mind you) that is unidimensional, and the proper worry is whether his and the Straussians' doctrines may not themselves be self-fulfilling. Teaching that America is a base and ignoble regime may help make it so. Certainly it seems to deflect these teachers from presenting their interpretations as the wholesome advice of the best and most loyal citizens. Will admits that in a nation "notable for its reverence for its Founding Fathers"—what happened to our lack of "moderation" and "self-denial"?—his argument "comes close to filial impiety," but maintains that knowing "the defective philosophic premises of our nation should not mean loving the nation less." It is possible to love our parents, even though they may not be perfect human specimens. But the political association is different from the family, for in politics the question "who should rule" is always disputable, and there are many claimants for the honor. We cannot substitute new parents for our biological ones, at least not as one form of government may be substituted for another. In a good regime, anything that tends to lessen our reverence for our Founding Fathers must therefore be looked upon with wise suspicion, particularly when the conclusion of the argument is not to acknowledge their unsuspected or at any rate predominant goodness, but instead to urge us to become wards of some foreign uncle of dubious character.

What you typically see in such cases is abandonment of the realm of good citizenship altogether, in favor of either maladroit comparisons of American political practice to an- →

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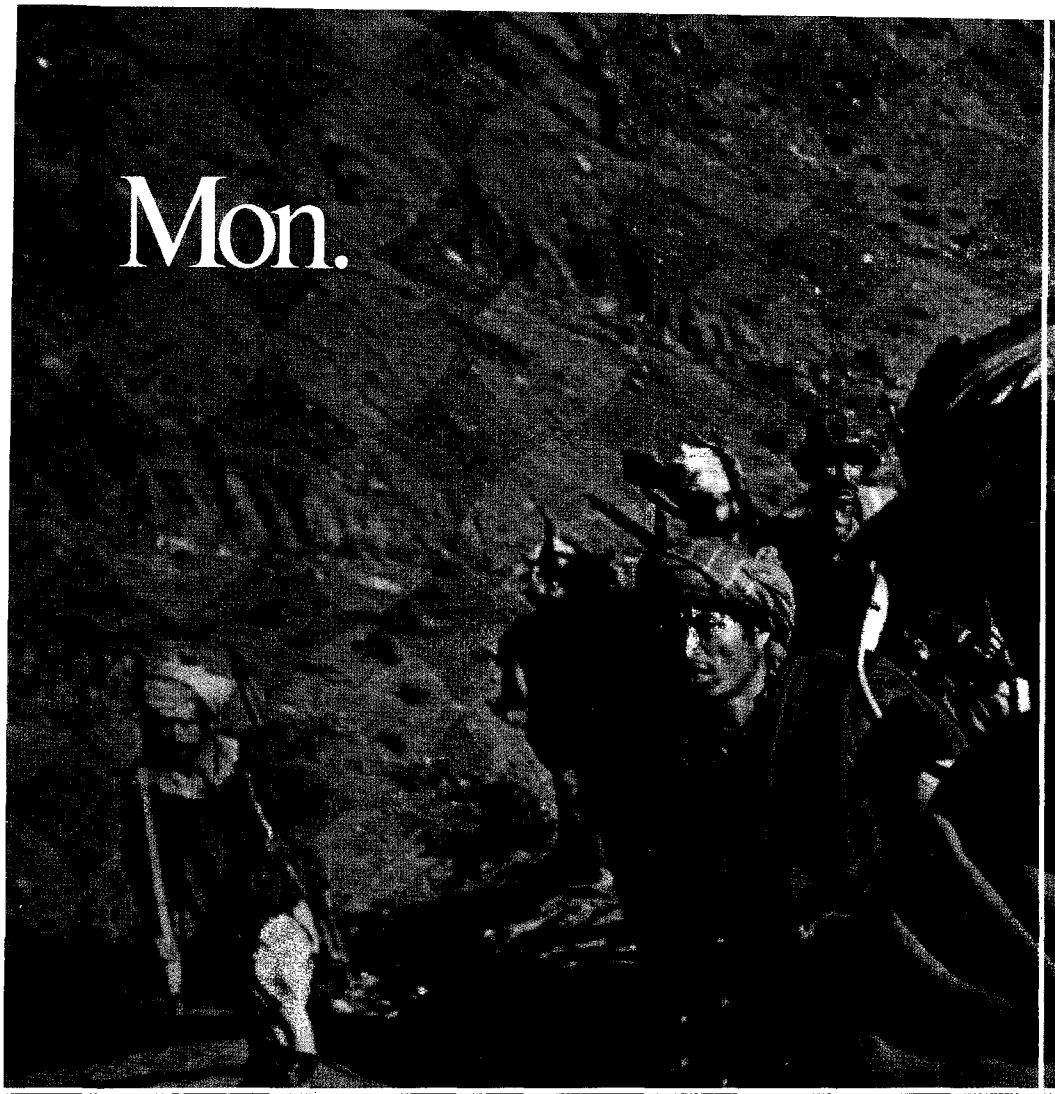

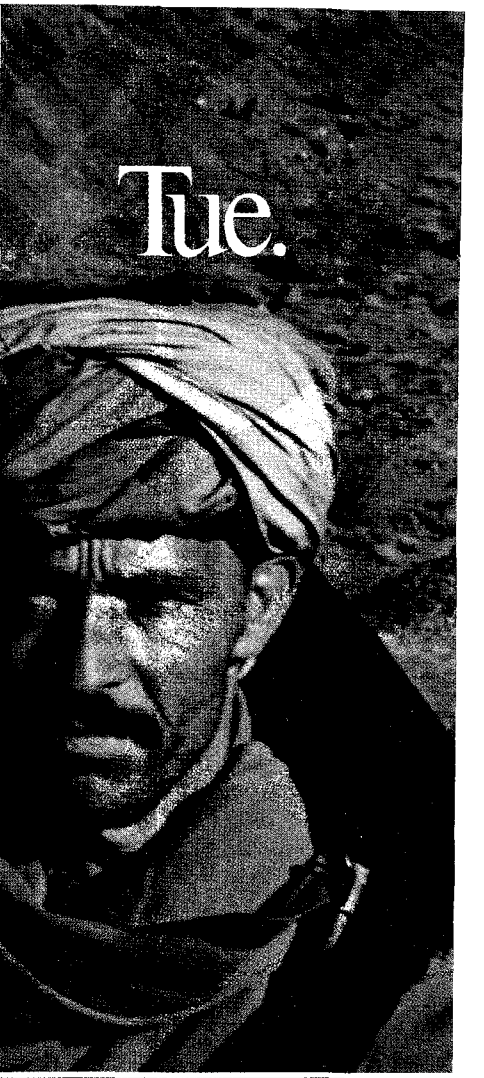

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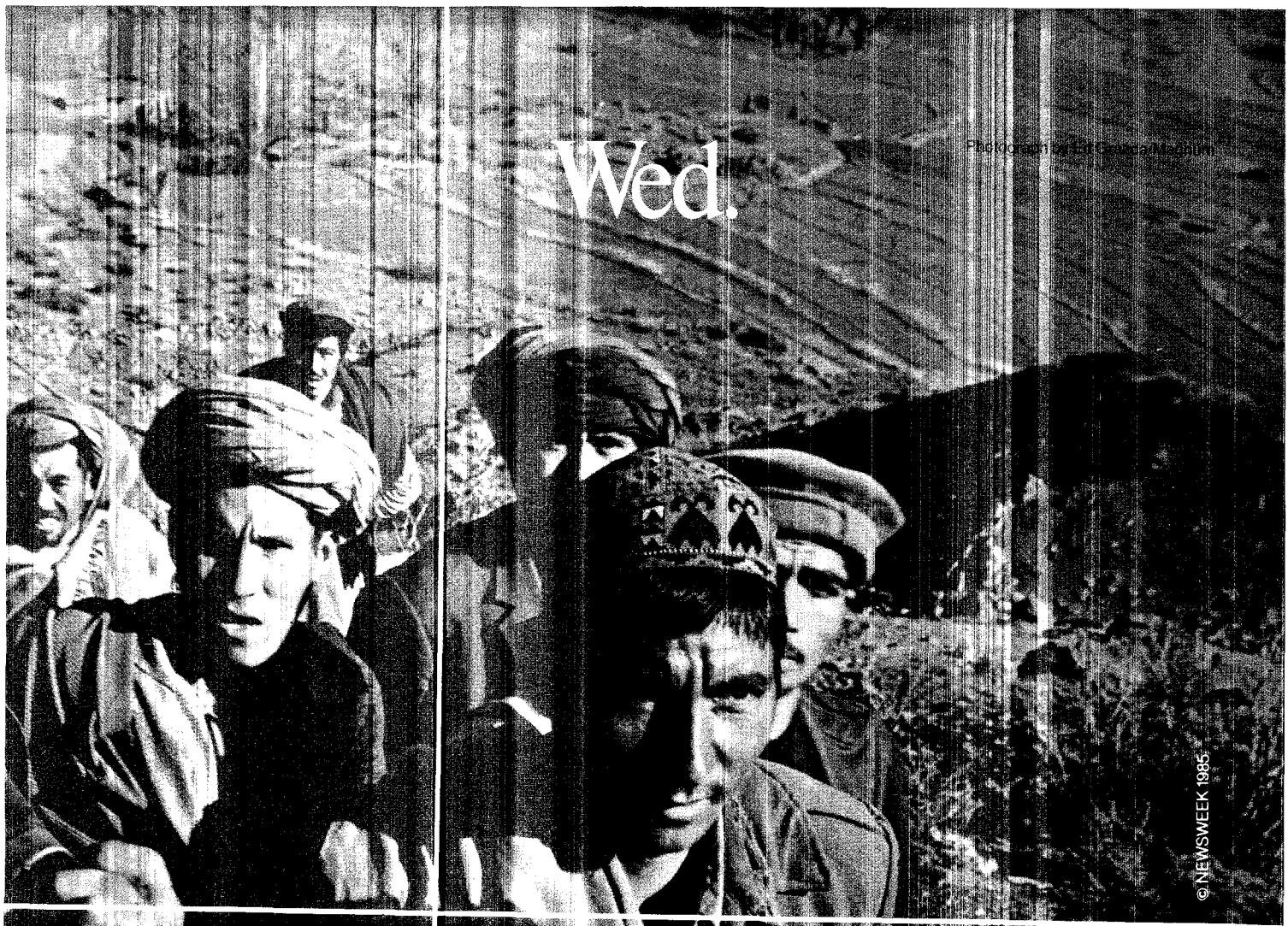

Sethi has used her contacts there to great advantage. On New Year's Day last year, Fidel Castro granted her his first interview with an American reporter in over five years. President Pinochet of Chile met with Sethi for his first interview with an American reporter in 10 years. And her interview with Vietnam's Prime Minister Pham Van Dong was a catalyst in the administration's efforts for the release of all Amerasian children in Vietnam.

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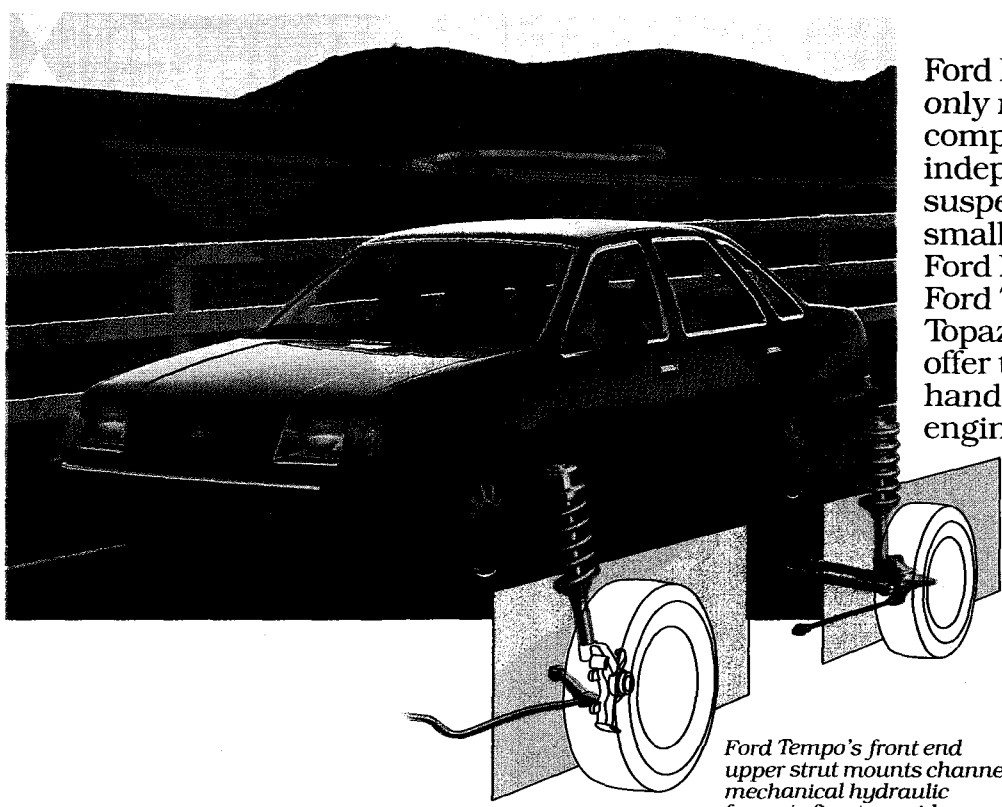

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cient political theory, or strange and pitiable attempts to prop up the (allegedly) sagging (allegedly) modern timbers of America with stouter timbers from other modern forests. The preferred solution, really, is both. For Will, this means a fairly straightforward appeal to Edmund Burke, which is not less devious for being straightforward: It utterly begs the question of Burke's own relation to modernity, and besides (Joseph Sobran has noted this) it treats him as if he were innocent of the American Revolution and Adam Smith's economics.

There is however another possibility, and that is not a rash or unthinking return to the classics, but a return *mutatis mutandis*—one that makes the necessary changes for the unique character of modern society without in the slightest compromising the integrity of classical principles: the dignity of contemplation, the authority of the moral law, the safety and happiness of the city. In short, a political science whose primary task would be to elucidate the character of American politics not so much in *contrast* to classical political philosophy, as by the *light* of classical political philosophy. Which means, to begin with, a science that proceeds to learn about the nature of our politics from the analysis of our political speech, that is, from what is said by our citizens as they deliberate over the requirements of justice and the common good. In America, such inquiries would begin and, in one sense, end with the pious but responsible study of the Declaration of Independence, that great oracle of the truths of our political tradition. Carried out along these lines, classical political science would be as alive today in the United States as it was in Athens in the fifth century B.C. But there are few signs of a living classical political science among the best-known Straussians.

The question is whether Strauss's students have abandoned philosophy in favor of the history of ideas, becoming more and more like their professional colleagues all the time

For the neoconservatives, of course, the situation is slightly different. They have learned from the Straussians that the scientific distinction between facts and values is untenable, and therefore that political philosophy in the original sense of the term is possible. But they do not believe that political philosophy can be a guide to action, because they do not believe that reason can provide a satisfactory or persuasive account of ethics. Perhaps this is because they know that ethics is *not* simply a matter of reason, which is true; it is mostly a matter of habit. But it is a non-sequitur to say that because morality is not pure reason, reason cannot give an account of morality. In any case, for the neoconservatives morality is readily identified with (nonrational) religion, and the world is seen as divided between self-interest and religion. America's principle is, alas, the former, the principle of "ambition counteracting ambition," though in the beginning it was true that religion was a powerful political force in America, being the foundation of civic virtue or at least a powerful ally of civic virtue. But from the days of the Jeffersonian farmer-republic, things have gone downhill. The reliance on self-interestedness both in our politics and in our economy has eroded the foundations of public-spiritedness: For two hundred years Americans have been spending the cultural capital accumulated in earlier, sterner ages.

As dispassionate scholars, the neoconservatives can do nothing to restore the passion of revealed religion; nor, as a result of the general secularization of modern life, do they think there is anything anyone else can do. The neoconservative appeal to religion, *not* as a part of the American way of life, *not* as the first of our political institutions (Tocqueville's description), but as a principle outside of and consumed by the regime, is therefore futile and doomed to fail. Knowing this full well, but knowing that America needs some sort of civic-religious passion if it is to hold its own against the Soviet Union, a few neoconservative thinkers nowadays propose that the United States restock its deplenished cultural capital through a kind of equal and opposite reaction to the Soviets' ideology. In place of Communism the idea is to cultivate the spirit of capitalism, of Everyman as entrepreneur—i.e., the fusion of religious zeal and self-interested ingenuity in the service of economic creativity. But this is not a form of redemption, either of American capitalism or of the neoconservative movement, that can be sustained in the face of the terrible lack of conviction about the *ends* to which this wealth of creativity and production should be put.

With all due respect to George Will, to the Straussians, and to the neoconservatives, their advice is, in the present situation, nothing but a prescription for American self-contempt. Reaching outside the regime in an attempt to bolster it and make it respectable is as futile as trying to restore a patient to health by making him dependent on a life-giving machine. In fact, the separation between themselves and the regime—that spirit of lofty detachment, of disdain for politics, that is so visible in all of their speeches complaining of America's insufficient respect for politics—is very much like the bedside manner of the doctor who would prescribe such a device. The diagnosis presented by these gentlemen points straight toward defeatism, for from the theoretical point of view advanced in the radical distinction between ancients and moderns, the United States *as a modern regime* is closer to the USSR *as a modern regime* than it is to the classics. There seems to be only a family difference, so to speak, between free government and tyranny when both are seen from the unnatural standpoint of the history of political theory. How will it be possible, one wonders, to call forth the sacrifices that will be necessary to defend America, given such a new public philosophy? It is difficult, not to say bizarre, to imagine soldiers marching off to war singing, "As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men base . . . but free." At the risk of pointing out the obvious, let us remember that according to the two great traditions of the West, according to both Reason and Revelation, a base man—a man tyrannized over by his own appetites and unholy passions—cannot be, and does not deserve to be, free.

Is this the counsel that a wise application of classical

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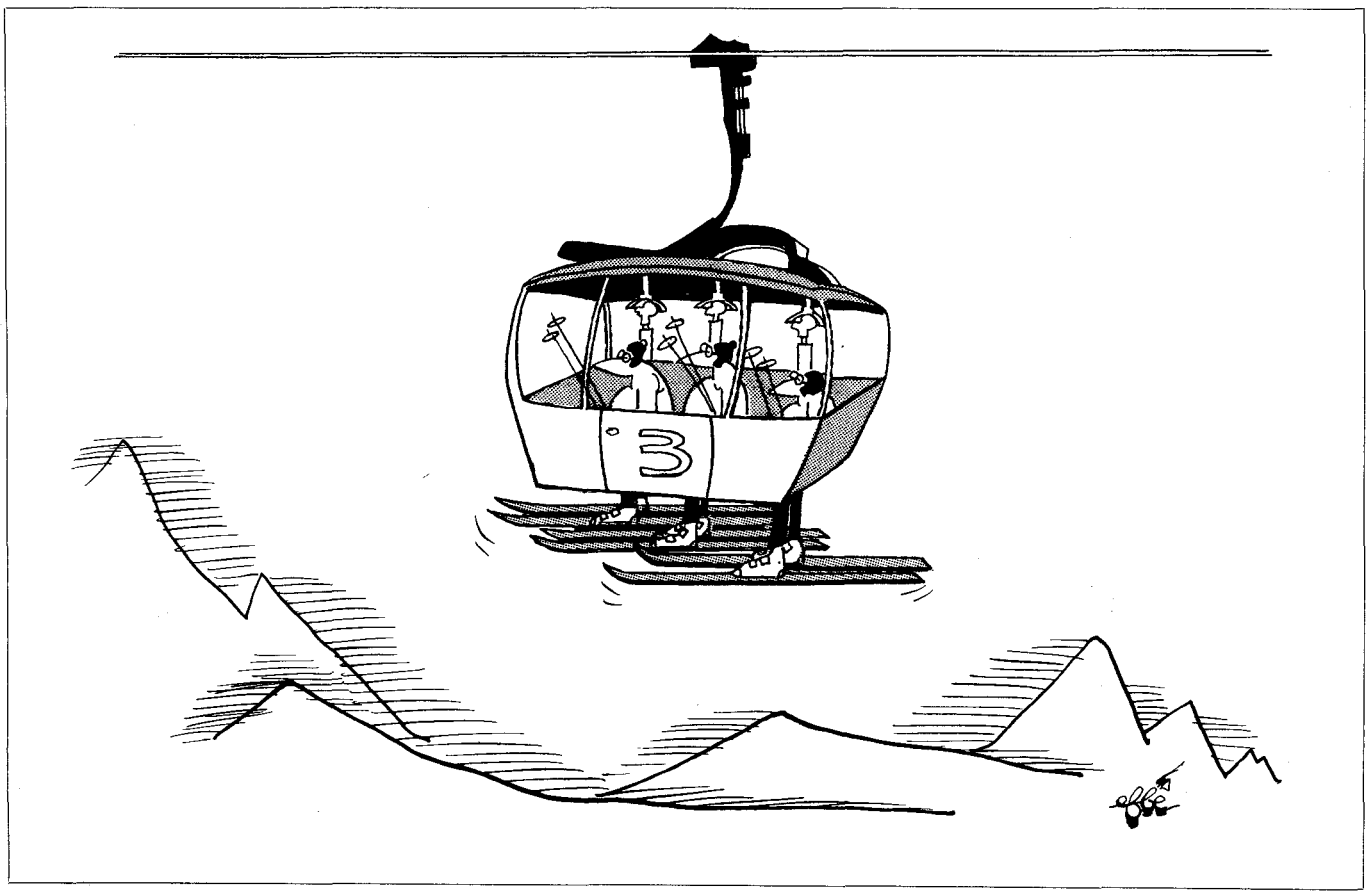
principles issues in? Is this how a classical political philosopher would go about defending civilization, the rule of law, and the common good in our time? It was certainly not how Cicero set out either to defend the Roman republic or to philosophize: In his dialogues the characters, the setting, even the best regime (after a fashion) are Roman. We do not find Thomas Aquinas yearning for the good old days of the polis, when politics was *politics* and philosophy was pagan. Marsilius of Padua did not find that the prescription for the political ills of his time lay in wishing away the Pope, or in urging that the Holy Roman Empire be dissolved into self-governing city-states. Each man found, despite radical changes in political scale and political forms and political problems, that the explanatory and directive power of classical political philosophy was undiminished because it reached to the *nature* of the city and man, which nature was, and is, fundamental to every political situation. These philosophers learned to speak in the idiom of their regimes, not at the cost of their wisdom, but precisely for the sake of their wisdom—and not just to shield themselves from ridicule or persecution. They desired to understand the regime as it understood itself—i.e., as its citizens understood it—for the purposes of philosophy *and* of prudent or better politics.

Why do our contemporary classical critics of America find it so difficult to engage in similar philosophizing? I'm afraid, as I have mentioned before, that many of them have come to believe that philosophizing is impossible in modernity: Nature has been so covered over with philosophical muck as to be unavailable to us. It is accessible only by digging into old books, but for the present day the wisdom in those books is like the useless charms of a long-forgotten magic age. But if that is the case, then nature is not nature; and "the unchanging ground of changing experience" was never really accessible to human reason in the first place. According to Leo Strauss, "we have for some time to become students of what is called the 'history of ideas,' " in order to familiarize ourselves with "the whole complexity of the issue," that is, of natural right. But our motive in this study is not "self-forgetting and pain-loving antiquarianism nor self-forgetting and intoxicating romanticism"; rather it is "the crisis of the West."

The question today is whether Strauss's students and their brethren have allowed the temporary and useful means to usurp the permanent and good end, have abandoned philosophy, or even all hope of philosophy, in favor of the history of ideas, becoming more and more like their professional colleagues all the time. The temptation to renounce nature for history is perhaps greatest in those thinkers who are most familiar with the history of philosophy; but for those who would gaze upon ideas, not just upon their shadowy "history," the resistance to temptation must be greater still. The project of importing (George Will, again) "European" conservatism into America, like the attempt to have history supplant nature, or to make political wisdom into a theoretical or historical rather than a practical science, now tempts conservatism both inside and outside the academy. But if American conservatives seek to summon "the better angels of our nature," we must first study, and speak to, *our nature*. If we do not, the unhappy result will be a conservatism that can never truly be American, and an America that can never truly be conservative. □



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REFLECTIONS ON EGALITARIANISM

WILLIAM MANCHESTER

THE QUESTION before the house is: Why are there no statesmen? The assumption is that we have none. Some would call that presumptuous; I don't. I think the query properly framed, and I believe I have the answer.

But you knew that. I have yet to meet a professor who could be keelhauled into a profession of ignorance. I do recall hearing of a junior faculty member who admitted that a student had him stumped. He was denied tenure.

In the 1930s the late Morris Ernst published a little book entitled *To the Pure . . .* He was quoting half of the maxim "To the pure, all things are pure." Ernst was arguing against all forms of censorship, but what interested me most was his concept that every era in history has been dominated by one of three hierologies: religion, sex, or politics. He was discussing the motive behind the censors' scalpels, but the proposition may be applied more broadly. In the age of faith, piety was mandatory. Until a quarter-century ago zealots demanded, and got, repression. Now there are 790 abandoned churches in England alone, and if there is a sexual taboo that has not been broken, I cannot think of it. The last time I visited Beverly Hills, I passed a magnificent white marble building identified, by a small bronze plaque at the corner of it, as "The Institute of Oral Sex."

Politics is another matter. We are obsessed with it, and not only in matters involving political elections. Every movement, every impulse to advance an ideology by altering individual identities, is a political act. Of course, that includes reform movements. The driving forces behind collective bargaining in the 1930s, civil rights in the 1960s, and the women's movement in the 1970s and 1980s were and are all political. As one who in his time has enjoyed the company of Walter Reuther, Ralph Ellison, and Bella Abzug, I cannot fault the immediate consequences. These ends, in my judgment, have been admirable. But as a writer I am troubled by the thought that each time I choose a personal pronoun, I am making a political statement. We are politicking everywhere: in the home, where a couple must decide which spouse sits at the head of the dining-room or kitchen table; in bed, over which partner shall be on top, and, if a child is conceived, over whether it shall be brought to term; on the job, in the process of hiring and firing; and at the entrance to a restaurant, where the man who opens the door for his companion risks getting his foot stepped on. Workers' rights, minority rights, and justice for women are consistent with the principle of justice, which should not be confused with what the Germans call *Gleichschaltung*, an untranslatable word and one rarely used until the National Socialists came to power and made it a Nazi imperative. Essentially it means total conformity, everyone shifting gears together at the same time. Its antonym is individualism. Today the *Gleichschaltung* dogma threatens the integrity of our institutions, including the right to be different from one another; our language, our freedom, and the quality of our leadership. German is a precise language, but also a harsh one, so I shall henceforth call this driving force the egalitarian passion.

I propose to describe some of its more unsightly aspects. But do not ask me for solutions. I am a pathologist, not a chiropractor. And there are historical tides that defy solution or even, after they have receded, human judgment. Do you approve of the fall of the Roman Empire? Or the Renaissance? Or the Industrial Revolution? You'd better. The Luddites are remembered with contempt, not because they were losers, but because they tried. I shall not try. My goal is more modest. I hope to understand. I simply refuse to become an egalitarian, or a leveler, myself. And I invite you to join me.

Now let's take off the gloves and bloody our knuckles. On Sunday, November 24, 1963, two days after the assassination of President Kennedy, a former member of the Harvard faculty who had joined the President's staff received a call from Chicago. The caller was one of America's most gifted woman novelists. Lee Oswald had just been shot, and she was distraught. This was outrageous, she said; the worst that could have happened. When she had finished, he replied icily, "The worst happened on Friday, and I didn't hear from you then."

She was confused; she commenced to weep. Her tears and her bewilderment are symptoms of a social disease that has afflicted the intellectual community ever since I first camped on its outskirts. In that late autumn of 1963 the conditioned reflexes of the American intellectual were prepared for the murder of an assassin—not for the murder of a President. This, I submit, is madness. But there is a system to the fugue, which is worth exploration. It is a measure of midcentury Angst that while the ignoble are treated with instinctive compassion, nobility is discounted,

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Mr. Manchester's books include The Glory and the Dream, The Death of a President, *and* The Last Lion.

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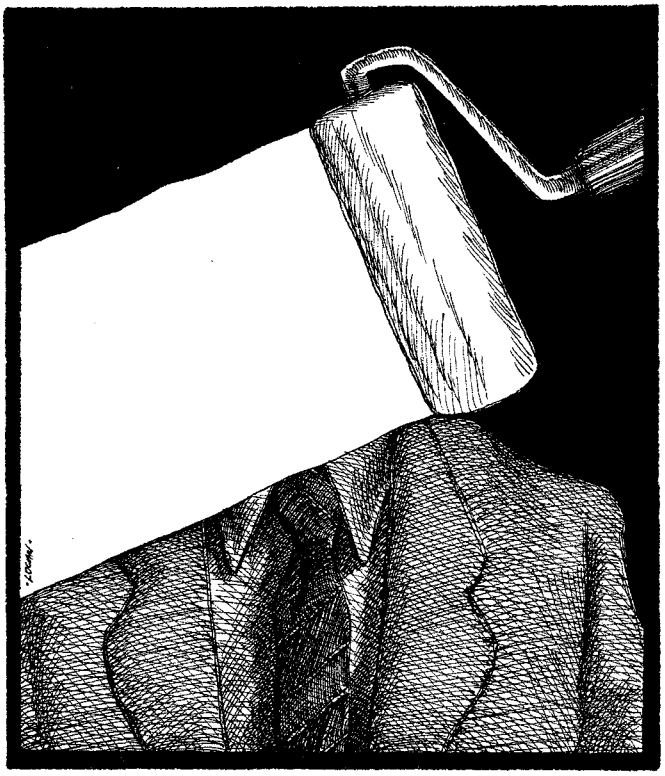
and even discredited. John Kennedy was a scholar, and those of us who fought in the Solomons knew he was also a hero. Yet many of the men who should have identified themselves with his Presidency were uncomfortable with it. Somehow they couldn't believe in him. Such leaders, they thought, belonged to the past—to the legends of Siegfried, Balder, Arthur, and Osiris—if indeed they had ever existed outside of balladry, which was doubtful. In any event the leonine mold had been broken. It therefore followed that this young President who seemed to have been cast from it must be an impostor. Modern greatness was a mirage. The apotheosis who had entered the White House in January of 1961 was a new Don Quixote, splendidly armored, in an era which had become convinced that all armor was tin. Immediately after his death the afflicted feasted on bogus conspiracy theories. Now, after a decent interval, they are attacking his memory with a meretriciousness and a malice that admit of but one explanation: He is a menace to their faith.

Thus stated, the issue is ugly. But the facts are ugly, and I know that citing them is disagreeable to those whose response is visceral. They do not want reason. They want to feed their ravaged emotions. The defeated, not the victor, excites their admiration. "Alas," wrote Thomas Carlyle, "the hero of old has had to cramp himself into strange places; the world knows not well at any time what to do with him, so foreign is his aspect in the world."

Of course, scarcely anyone calls egalitarianism egalitarianism. Most egalitarians prefer to think of themselves as lower-case democrats. "We're terribly democratic," they say, and they are, they're terribly democratic, although, of course, they don't mean it that way. One of the perks of egalitaria is that if you denounce all precepts, you yourself needn't conform to any. You needn't, for example, use words properly. Someday I'm going to direct an egalitarian's attention to the Oxford English Dictionary, where



At all times the egalitarian is bent on downstaging the rest of us, carrying himself with an air of craven modesty

he will find that the adjective *democratic* refers him to the noun *democracy*, which is defined as a) "a government in which the sovereign power resides in the people as a whole, and is exercised either directly by them or by officers elected by them," b) "a state or community in which the government is vested in the people as a whole," c) "the common people (in reference to their political power)," and d) "(*U.S. politics*) the Democratic party and its members." Only in the recent past has it acquired its present significance. I doubt, however, that I shall be as successful as the managing editor of a large metropolitan newspaper, who appointed an assistant city editor and then found himself confronted by an office petition requesting him to change the appointment. "We've voted," the chairman of the petition committee explained brightly. "We're against Smith. We want Jones." The editor, a Democrat at the polls but an elitist elsewhere, replied. "I believe in democracy," he said, "but this newspaper is not one." In egalitaria, if you acquire a light, you cast about quickly for a bushel. Athletes were first observed wearing their letter sweaters inside out and then discarding them; today, letter sweaters are rarely seen anywhere, except among woman athletes, who are making a very different political point. Legion of Honor ribbons are seldom seen; that is also true of Phi Beta Kappa keys, and all other bijoux of distinction in which people once took pride. In their place is a strange, false humility.

It derives, in part, from the decline in respect for authority. Authority is taking its lumps, and it deserves them. Two world wars, a depression, Korea, Vietnam, and Watergate have virtually destroyed deference for what was once held inviolate. If you acquire power, you are put on the defensive. It has become awkward even to acknowledge achievement, since superiority of any kind is suspect. Thus everyone tries to look as much as possible like everyone else, or, if possible, worse. The achiever seeks asylum in anonymity. The political leader pursues invisibility. In 1976 we witnessed an extraordinary presidential election, in which each of the candidates, Carter and Ford, campaigned against the very office he sought. And in the collegiate world football captains have been replaced by co-captains, or revolving captaincies that change with each game. Instead of judges we have referees; instead of chief executives we have teams; instead of a general-in-chief we have a chairman of the joint chiefs; and in lieu of graceful manners we have the cult of informality, which, in a way that eludes me, is regarded as a democratic virtue—as though Mirabeau and Tom Paine would have smiled benignly on cut-off jeans, come-as-you-are barbecues, and, most appalling of all, the aggressive use of nicknames.

The decline of courteous address deserves special mention. It becomes increasingly difficult to find out to whom you're talking. Everyone you meet is plain Pete, or Al, or

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Jane, or Jill. Celebrities may be recognized from their photographs, but what happens when you drop down a ledge or two? Confusion happens, that's what. A dazzling Washington hostess I know holds parties around her swimming pool at which guests, clad in bathing suits, are introduced to strangers by coy diminutives. Once she led me to two elderly Englishmen dozing in the sun. "Billy," she said to me, "this is Denny and Bobby." Exit hostess, into water. After a reticent, fumbling conversation I discovered that Denny was an eminent political scientist from Cambridge, and Bobby had been an Air Vice Marshal of the RAF during the Battle of Britain. ("You *have* heard of the Battle of Britain, haven't you?" he asked wistfully.)

Nominal equality has become a fetish in what is known as the private sector. Once an employee was expected to sir his boss. Today he's not even allowed to mister him. Now and then one reads of a gallant last stand against bogus intimacy. Roy Howard ordered *New York World-Telegram* reporters to call him Roy. A year later he congratulated A. J. Liebling for his superb reporting. Liebling bowed and said: "Now may I please call you Mr. Howard?" But such exceptions are hopelessly outnumbered by dense squares of jovial executives who, during coffee breaks and at company parties, stridently insist that nobody rise, let's not stand on ceremony, feel free, and remember, we're all Joes here. One Joe may have absolute power over the other Joe's career. One may be the pile-driving force behind the firm; the other may be a forelock-tugging serf. Still they speak as brothers, and if Big Joe has an order to deliver he prefaces it with some such groveling remark as, "Just let me give you my thinking on this," or, "This is off the top of my head," or, "Probably I don't know what I'm talking about." Is this democracy? I think it's hypocrisy.

And God, how the egalitarians proselytize! The objective—the mission—of the egalitarian is to convert you. He is the pious worshipper of the Divine Average, the man who adopts what Robert Frost described as a "tenderer-than-thou" attitude toward social problems. Sometimes he is as transparently bogus as the late Diego Rivera, who used to dress carefully in a khaki shirt and greasy corduroys before being driven in a limousine to rallies of Mexican workers. At other times he is pitifully sincere, like the president of the teachers' federation who warned his colleagues several years ago that they were "in danger of considering themselves as just a little bit better" than unskilled workers. At all times, however, he is bent on downstaging the rest of us, carrying himself with an air of craven modesty and reproaching with cow eyes everyone who holds himself erect.

There was a time when we lived according to an intricate pyramid of values. In many ways it was an unsatisfactory structure: rigid, uncreative, and stifling. A novel, for example, had to tell a story; painting and statuary had to be representational; music had to be melodious. Often the result was sterility. Today, however, that pyramid has been inverted. Everything that was, is not; everything that was not, is. And sterility has been replaced by a literature of self-pity. The most spectacular egalitarian gains were made in the years immediately after World War II. It was in 1946 that the army's Doolittle Board was stripped of its privileges. Indeed, it was a novel about the army, James Jones's *From Here to Eternity*, that most clearly

Gifted children are distrusted, but the dull and delinquent, as 'victims of society,' belong to a privileged caste

expressed the reverse values of the new egalitaria. A man's worth was in inverse proportion to his pay grade, education, and civility. Anyone with a commission was an outcast. Women were similarly graded. The essence of purity was the prostitute. The faithful wife was a fallen sister.

A subtler specimen of egalitarian literature was *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*. Sloan Wilson's protagonist was a man who wanted to make more money. He left an easy berth for a job with a higher salary and discovered that his new employer expected him to work. His reaction was moral outrage. He conceded that the employer was dedicated, but could not admire him, because the old man was industrious and diligent—in approved cant, he was a driven neurotic. The employer was apologetic, as villains are in all sophisticated melodramas; he could only plead for understanding. Our pantheon of anti-heroes now includes Willie Loman, Holden Caulfield, and Woody Allen—magnificent creations whose social implications are troubling.

In supporting his twaddle, the passionate egalitarian tirelessly generalizes from the specific. He had this lieutenant, see, and the creep couldn't even read a map. (Meaning that leaders are incompetent.) Talk about swinging from both sides of the plate—Charles Dickens kept a mistress. (Moralists, in short, are phonies.) A junior exec in the front office just fired a man for wearing Bermudas. (The lesson: Bosses are blackguards.) But this is cheating. The issue is not whether rules are broken. It is whether we ought to have any rules at all. The egalitarian argument, and the real issue, is that the differences between us are infinitesimal, and may be put down to external influence. If evil is done, society is to blame. If evil is redressed, society is triumphant. It naturally follows that anyone who believes this, and is honestly convinced that we are all children of the same gravid earth bitch, must regard any pretension as a bugbear and all authority as a fraud.

As illogical as a superstition, the egalitarian passion also has a superstition's power. It would be hard to find an American citadel free of its spell. Certainly the home isn't. The omnipotent father of Freud's time is virtually extinct. In the 1980s he exists as a flaccid parody of his grandfather, a comic figure on television programs whose cretinous blunders are deftly corrected by his amused family. The teenager who gets pregnant and decides to keep the baby while in high school, although she and the infant will be totally dependent upon her parents, does so, because, as a mother explained to me, "Kids are people and have a right to make up their own minds." She was among the first tribunes of children's rights, although she may have moved on; the action now is in animal rights. Her husband was unreconciled, but he recognized that he was a low, atavistic creature, and he merely looked uncomfortable when she added airily, "We believe in democracy at home."

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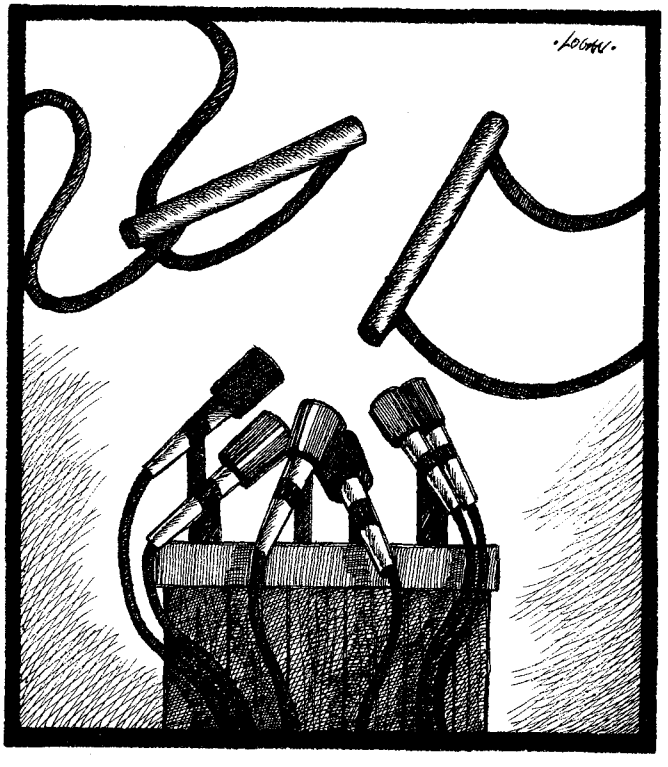
"Democracy at home." Is this the last slogan of egalitaria? It is more than a slogan. It is a course of study in grade schools. Egalitarians celebrated one of their first triumphs in public education; they enthusiastically supported the jitney messiahs of bread-and-circuses curricula. The number of classrooms that vote on what they are to be taught is small, but pupils are polled on nearly everything else, including the personality of the teacher, the value of her instruction, and the real-life meaning of a course: "How many think Lincoln was well-adjusted? Hands please." In one instance fourth-graders voted on whether a frog on display was male or female. Popular sovereignty extends to our intellectual coin. I have already cited one example of the corruption of language. There are others. According to the egalitarian dialectic, it should be determined by a kind of continuing voice vote. If a sufficient number of people say, "I feel badly," or "It is me," then the error is accepted. "That's what we mean by usage," a doctor of education blandly explained to me, though he twitched when I asked whether he would endorse the usage of the Massachusetts legislator who said, "Teachers is cheap."

Democracy at home; teachers is cheap. There is a rough justice in this equation. Young egalitarians are suckled on the thin blood of the insipid mean; to give them a richer diet would, in the glib cliché, be undemocratic. It is not undemocratic, of course, to provide special schools for retarded children. Gifted children are distrusted, but the dull and delinquent, as "victims of society," belong to a privileged caste. We must look down on those above us, up to those beneath us. So sacred is this double-think that we rarely challenge it, though sometimes it is carried to a Tartuffian extreme, and we see a glimmer in the night. The last time I visited the Barnum and Bailey sideshow, the barker interrupted his spiel to deliver a brief sermon. He just wanted us to know that these fine tattooed, misshapen, and deformed people on the stage were folks, same as you and me. Why, you'd be glad to have any of them in your home, he said. Sure, they were interesting. But—and his voice dropped to a tactful whisper—they weren't *freaks*.



All this may seem far removed from the issue of statecraft and statespeople, or rather the lack of them. Actually it lies at the very root of the matter. Let's trace the genuine statesman back to his origins. Among those who aspire to his rank, only successful politicians are eligible. Politicians cannot become eligible until they are elected and re-elected. Elections are won by candidates who meet the expectations of their constituents.

Until recently, Americans tended to choose the nominee who they thought would govern best—which was why presidential candidates were usually men who had built outstanding records as state governors. The custom drew strength from political organizations, led by men who have since been discredited as "bosses." These professional politicians, though often venal—an occupational disease that also afflicts their amateur successors—were seldom unscrupulous. They possessed street wisdom, loyalty to their people, responsibility, a crude sense of justice, and a higher regard for the perception of the voters than has been displayed by their replacements. The "new politics," the subject of so many eulogies, is a forgotten phrase, but its essence is still with us. It began with ideological zeal, which has degenerated into irresponsibility and even cynicism. Its practitioners appear to lack scruples, character, and the quaint value that was once called patriotism. They are manipulators, stalkers of TV gawkers. And they know their prey. Unlike the old pros, they are unconcerned with a candidate's qualifications for office. They want a winner. If the produce is marketable, they will package it.

And what sells? Box office, gentle folk humor, stage presence, artless displays of modesty, and an acrobatic skill at evading tough questions and tougher issues. The successful nominee must avoid, at all costs, the appearance of being brilliant, challenging, prescient, learned, or willing to sacrifice his public career for private principles.

If ever a political figure deserved the crown of statesman, it was Winston Churchill. Churchill was indifferent to the views of his constituents. They had chosen him, he reasoned, because they trusted his good judgment. So he exercised it. He lost more elections than any other candidate in the history of British politics. Three times before World War II, when he was next in line for succession to the prime ministership, he was driven from the cabinet in disgrace, dismissed by his peers and the press as a man whose career lay in ruins. But he always came back.

Why?

Because he was gifted, an unabashed, unrepentant elitist, defiant in defeat, possessed of a savage wit and honor, a man who could see the future with 20/10 vision, whose principles sat in him like an immovable anvil, and who spoke to his countrymen, not with homely garrulousness and a limited vocabulary, but in the language of the gods. The ancients said, "When Pericles speaks, people say, 'How well he speaks,' but when Demosthenes speaks, the people say, 'Let us march.'" Under Churchill's statesmanlike leadership people marched and saved what was then known as Western Civilization.

If there is a high office in the United States to which Winston Churchill could be elected today, it is unknown to me. □

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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE RIGHT KIND

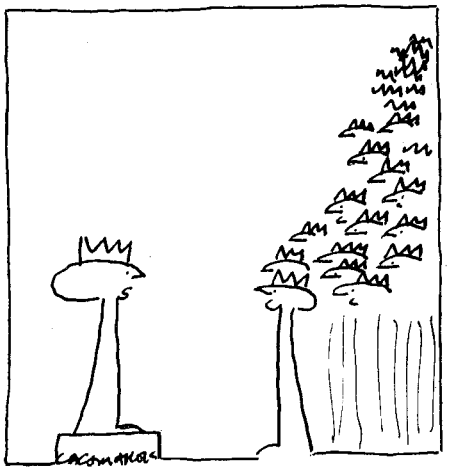
It was a cool October evening in 1964 when two Harvard University freshmen were startled by a glowing object hovering near one of the science labs. As they approached, it seemed to turn and peer at them. For several seconds the freshmen returned its gaze, frozen by a fear of the unknown. The creature was thin and wiry. On its chest it wore a power pack, a thin white disk with markings emblazoned on it. After a few seconds, the creature let out a shrill cry and streaked out of sight to the northeast. The students tried to compose themselves. One, who had been a Marine, fainted. When he came to, they discussed the white power pack and its mysterious inscription, which had read, "Goldwater for President."

They reported the incident to Peter Johns, dean of the College of Ethics and Endowments (Whichever Comes First). Johns summarily expelled the students for lunacy. But now, twenty years later, their case is being reconsidered, as legitimate scientists have begun to examine the phenomenon of Conservative Sightings on Ivy League campuses. Even at Harvard, tough questions are being asked: Do conservatives exist? Where do they come from? Do any of them wear beards?

"It started out as a long shot," admits Samuel Jerry Galbraith, the Harvard astrophysicist who heads a research team on Unidentified Political Philosophies (UPPs). "But when J. Paul Getty started looking for marketable uses of petroleum, who would have thought he would end up inventing public television?"

Ironically, UPP studies received their initial boost from the Harvard Political Science Department, a group that has since heaped scorn on the upstart pseudoscience. Associate Professor Peter Henry Galbraith explains his startling discovery: "I was checking through some election returns, and I noticed that Teddy Kennedy was not being reelected unanimously, even after controlling for doctors and people who had actually heard Kennedy speak. I got together with a group of professors, and we acknowledged that, while none of us had direct evidence of conservatism, conceptually it certainly was possible that somewhere among the billions and billions of stars in our universe, there could exist a political philosophy far more advanced and sophisticated than our own."

At about the same time, a Harvard astronomer discovered Arizona. "It turns out," says Frank Terence Galbraith, "that the country is much bigger than we had imagined. In rapid succession, we discovered Arkansas, Nevada, Nebraska, and Texas. It was from these areas, we posited, that conservatives, if they do exist, might come. We decided to explore the region with an unmanned probe, so we sent one of President Carter's male foreign-policy advisors. But the results were terrible; when this guy came back, all he could report was that Alger Hiss was a Communist—and he didn't mean it as a compliment."



". . . and if elected, I promise to . . ."

Still, UPP research was spreading, and reports of conservative sightings started coming in. A graduate student working on a Marxist history of water managed to get a tape recording of a mysterious message emitted by a cigar-shaped object that had been seen on campus. The sounds, which spelled out phonetically are "kkutt tackses," have been analyzed by teams of Harvard linguists, but nobody can make any sense of them.

In the spring of 1981, UPP studies became embroiled in a controversy that was to threaten its existence as a recognized academic field. The case centered on Calvin Burke Galbraith. For twenty years, Calvin had been a very typical Harvard professor; he had weak knees, stooped shoulders, and a severe case of eyestrain that acted up whenever he had to read more than two sentences about Soviet foreign policy. But in January 1980, just after Calvin had declared himself a candidate for Cambridge Town Council on a platform of ending world hunger, preventing nuclear war, and promoting *pesto*, he claims he was visited by conservatives and taken into their spaceship. The next day, back at Harvard, he renounced his past beliefs, declared himself a moderate, and founded a nonleftist journal called *Radical Studies*. Within months he was teaching a course called "Non-Marxist Authors through History."

The Harvard administration reacted violently to Calvin's heresy. They sent off several letters to him saying he would be fired unless he re-educated himself, and they spread vicious allegations about his sanity, pointing to the

(Continues on page 61)

Mr. Brooks, an NR *staffer, is on leave as Media Fellow at the Hoover Institution.*

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Gentlemen:

This isn't a letter to the editor, I just wanted to tell you that National Review has been a surprise to me. I got my first copy on a newsstand when I saw Solzhenitsyn's name on the cover. I was only vaguely aware of what National Review was because I read Bill Buckley but of course I knew Solzhenitsyn, and his speech in that issue [The Templeton Address, NR July 27 --Ed.] was great. Then I read your article on Walter Mondale and I thought that was pretty good too. Anyway I ended up reading the whole thing and subscribing. Now I wish I had known about it before because you really do have a different point of view from my usual stuff. I admit I don't agree with it all, but it is different and I like the funny items and appreciate the Buckley columns which I don't see very often anymore in the [Washington] Post (and when they do run them they look like they're only about half as long as yours anyway). Just thought I'd let you know that you're doing a good job, at least for a reader who spends most of his days glazed-eyed over government documents.

B. Tobin
Washington, D. C.

We'll admit we don't get many letters like the above—nor does our new friend put the case for NR exactly as we would ourselves. Still, he makes a great point: NR is different, and it's well worth getting regularly. So if you don't yet have your own personal subscription, why not use the card facing this page now? It will bring you the next 15 valuable issues for just $17.95 (saving you a full $4.55 over the newsstand price). And now is the best time to have NR—at the start of the Second Reagan Era, you shouldn't miss a single installment of NR's unique reporting and inside information. So fill out and mail the card facing this page right now (before you get distracted). You'll be glad you did—and so, of course, will we. Many thanks!

P.S.: You can also use the card to send NR to somebody you know who should be reading it.

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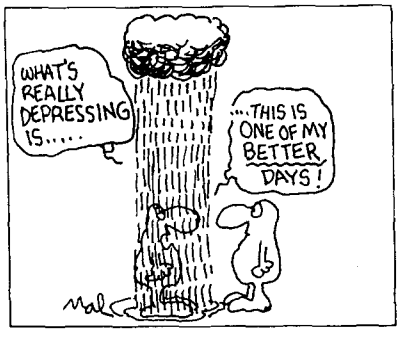

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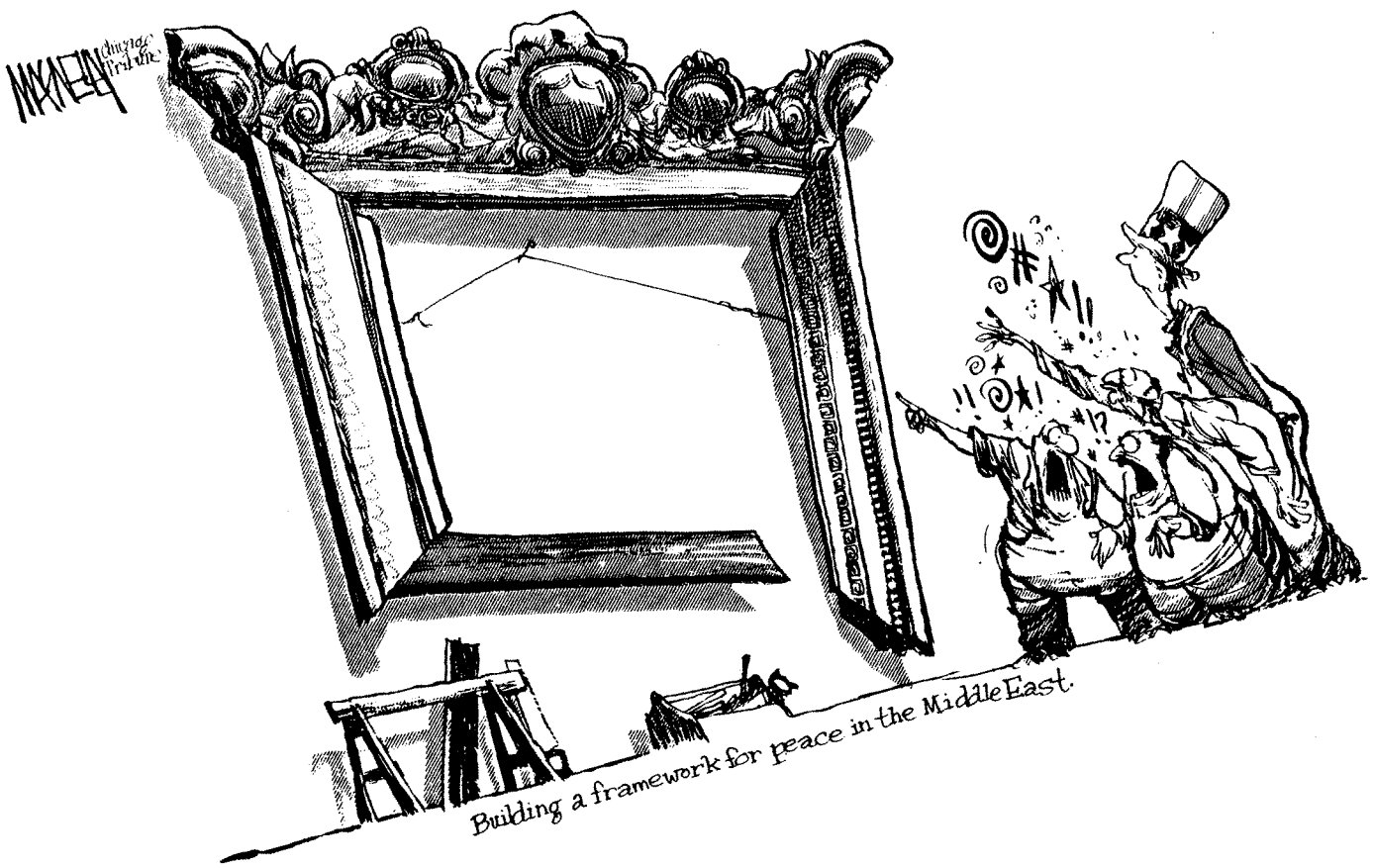

Winners and Losers

Ted Kennedy looms larger;
His shadow covers more.
He's also got his man installed
Inside the party store.
Meanwhile, where Cuomo glowers
In Albany's grim cold,
The boys have been advised to put
The fireworks on hold.

W. H. von Dreele

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BOLOGNA AND HAINBURG

AT FIRST GLANCE, Bologna, Italy, and Hainburg, Austria, appear to have little in common. The historically rich city of Bologna has been a cultural center since the Middle Ages. Hainburg, for its part, is a small town whose biggest claim to fame is that it lies along the Danube. Yet, Bologna and Hainburg are connected by seemingly unconnected events.

On December 23, the express train from Naples to Milan, carrying more than six hundred Italians bound for ski vacations in the Alps, was destroyed by a bomb as it passed through a long tunnel between Florence and Bologna. At least 15 people died and more than 150 were injured in the blast. According to news reports, a variety of terrorist groups claimed responsibility, ranging from the New Order and the Black Order—two fascist groups—to the leftist Red Brigades. Most intriguing of all was the caller who claimed that the bombing was the work of the Islamic Guerrillas, a Moslem terrorist group.

Meanwhile, in Hainburg, developments far less explosive, if more enduring in their effects, have been taking place. For months demonstrators have been encamped in the woods outside Hainburg to prevent the construction of a hydroelectric plant near the town. Austria's forests and rivers, in addition to their economic importance, have a strong romantic appeal. Construction of the hydroelectric plant would lead to the flooding of a minor section of marsh woods along the Danube, a prospect that has prompted the Austrian contingent of the Green movement to take to the woods.

Austria's Greens, unlike their German counterparts, are not uniformly leftist. Neither of the two Green parties is represented in the Vienna parliament, but some degree of "Greenness" can be detected in all parliamentary groups and all social classes, especially the urban middle class. The Greens have vowed to do everything in their power to stop the hydroelectric plant. Since they were able, several years ago, to prevent a newly completed atomic plant in Zwentendorf from starting up, they are confident that they will be successful again this time, especially since construction on the plant has yet to begin.

The resistance of the Greens to both the plant in Zwentendorf and the planned one in Hainburg is, in a way, entirely irrational since neither would cause acid rain or pollute the air, unlike the giant caloric plant in Dürnrohr, which most certainly pollutes the air. But however irrational the Greens may be, they are determined not to allow the plant to be built. There are thousands of them occupying several camps where clearing and bulldozing are scheduled to take place. They have fought the police; they have suffered broken bones and endured subfreezing temperatures—and their persistence seems to be paying off.

After the first clashes with the demonstrators, the government semi-caved in, declaring that the plant would be built but that some compromise would be made. The Austrian People's Party, the "conservative" opposition, was originally in favor of the Hainburg project, but now it wants a national plebiscite because of the Greens within its own ranks. The ruling Socialist Party faces dissent from its younger members, who vigorously oppose the project. But trade unionists, who welcome the job opportunities it would create, favor it. The Socialist Party had a hard time preventing workers from marching to the Green encampments to beat up the demonstrators—and the workers would certainly have been more brutal than the police.

The Hainburg furor has caused some Austrians to reflect on its implications. Can a determined minority force the government to yield? What kind of a compromise is realistic—half a hydroelectric plant? And what do ordinary people really know about the amount of electricity required or about the immensely complex problem of pollution? (Perhaps they know just a little more than their representatives!) There are some Austrians who sense here a genuine challenge to democracy.

IN THIS PROCESS neighboring Italy has far outdistanced Austria. Chaos is embedded in the Italian system. Italy boasts a crime rate and a climate of anarchy that would have caused any other country to collapse long ago. What is it that animates Italian terrorists and the milder, though equally oppositional, Austrian protestors? Why this dedication to ideas, even if they are harebrained, unrealistic, and (in the case of Italy) criminal? Perhaps the answer is that people, especially young people, are bored stiff.

Beyond the boredom created by political parties that are virtual mirror images of each other, the murderous monotony of an industrial civilization, the dullness of sexual promiscuity without the color and power of Eros—beyond all this lies the promise of adventure: ideological engagement, love and death, the fascination of utopias, the evil spell of hatred.

The *Ancien Régime* had the splendor of the courts, great literature, great art, glorious churches. To be a nobleman, a priest, an artist, a scholar, a wealthy burgher, or even a peasant proud of his status meant something. Today, being a cipher with a social-security number, a member of the elite-hating mediocre middle of the road, is becoming unbearable for many.

People need causes for which they are willing to do something spectacular, to make heroic sacrifices—or to commit crimes. Never has the situation been more favorable for the rise of a vast dynamic movement, be it of an angelic or a diabolic nature. □

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SMILIN' THROUGH

Robert A. Rogowsky

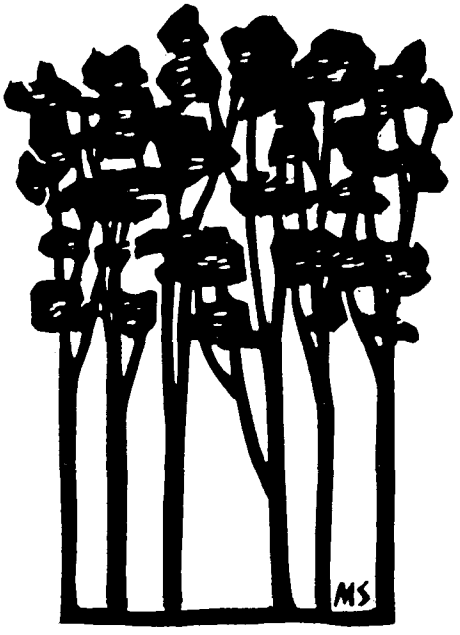
The Doomsday Myth, by Charles Maurice and Charles Smithson (Hoover, 142 pp., $16.95)

ECONOMISTS BEARING glad tidings are about as commonplace as stockbrokers who admit bad judgment or government officials who confess there is a problem the government cannot solve given enough money. Economics has long been labeled "the dismal science." After a few years of graduate study, I began to suspect that that name arose not from the Malthusian conclusions but because of the way economists teach it. Nevertheless, now come forth two unabashedly upbeat economists who may help re-label it "the optimistic science." Charles Maurice and Charles Smithson systematically and cogently expose the "doom merchants" who lucratively litter bookstore shelves with their prophecies of Armageddon that never come to pass. It may bear out the insight of P. T. Barnum that doomsayers continue to thrive in print and speech when, if they were even partly prescient, there would be no industrialized society left about which to pontificate.

Malthus, father to the species, predicted in the eighteenth century that, based on historical trends, population would grow geometrically; food production would increase arithmetically. He projected a future filled with recurring periods of starvation. Long-run consumption could rise only to the minimum subsistence level. Malthus was, of course, wrong, not contemplating the contribution that technology would make in food production. Current doomsayers have not learned from the Malthusian lesson—interestingly they often refer to themselves and each other as neo-Malthusians.

One doom merchant, Paul Ehrlich, predicted, in 1969, "the end of the ocean in late 1979." He projected the decline in the world fish catch to thirty million metric tons in 1977 and the consequent starvation of fifty million people. In fact, 1977 showed a catch of 73 million metric tons. The 1970s were a time for predictions of economic collapse in a world of finite resources being consumed at an exponentially increasing rate. A Public Broadcasting System program raised the specter that "Western Civilization has run its course. . . . That ahead of us waits the prospect of a new dark age." In 1982, the latest Club of Rome contribution—*One Hundred Pages for the Future*—declared "that the human race is hurtling toward disaster" and that as the marketplace has broken down, there exist "dangers that threaten our very survival."

What calculations permit such conclusions? Doom merchants persistently rely on simple—or simple-minded—extrapolation, which will always carry a trend to its illogical extreme. Consider the growth of doomsday books. The first modern one appeared in 1972, seven showed up in 1973, nine in 1974, and so on with 26 in 1977. Extrapolating that growth rate, we can expect in the year 2000 that publishers will offer 14 million doomsday books. Similar extrapolation reveals that George Steinbrenner, by the year 2004, will have called on 70 per cent of the male population of New York to take a turn at managing the Yankees. By that same year, again extrapolating from the past, Billy Martin will have managed the Yankees six thousand times. This is confusing because extrapolating demographic trends in the Fifties and Sixties would have put every American in residence in Southern California well before that time.



Extrapolation is an appealing technique because it is so simple, but it ignores any reaction to changes in the supply of goods. More particularly, it ignores changes in prices when supplies become scarce. As demand outgrows supply, price increases. As price increases, profits rise. Individuals, self-interested as they are, respond to profits by producing more of the lucrative item or by creating substitutes for it. There: Economics in one easy lesson. But it is a lesson few remember. It is more appealing to raise the banner of "market failure" at the first sight of a shortage and call for government control of prices and for rationing. Typically, a new bureaucracy is set up to

Stanley L. Jaki, a Hungarian-born Benedictine priest with doctorates in theology and physics, is Distinguished Professor at Seton Hall University and the author of Brain, Mind, and Computers.

Robert A. Rogowsky is Economic Advisor to Commissioner Carol G. Dawson of the Consumer Product Safety Commission. He is the editor, with Kenneth Elzinga, of Relevant Market Definition *and, with Bruce Yandle, of* Regulation and Competitive Strategy.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More March Titles: In *The Personal President: Power Invested, Promise Unfulfilled* (Cornell, $19.95), Theodore J. Lowi argues that over the past fifty years American presidential power has been aggrandized to a point where the incumbent, attempting to rise to public expectations, has come to rely on the manipulation of public relations to do so. As a solution, Lowi suggests the development of a more parliamentary political system, and the replacement of two-party politics with a multiparty scheme.

In *Ten Philosophical Mistakes* (Macmillan, $12.95), Mortimer J. Adler launches a devastating attack on the demiphilosophy of modern times.

Admirers of Max Brand's writings will be gratified by the publication of *Max Brand's Best Western Stories: Volume II* (Dodd, Mead, $13.95), edited and with an introduction by William F. Nolan, even if the five stories included do not represent the author's finest work.

☐ Coming in April: *Herbert Croly of The New Republic: The Life and Thought of an American Progressive* (Princeton, $32.50), by David W. Levy, looks to be an interesting biography of the man Walter Lippmann called the first important American political figure of the twentieth century. . . . Richard Cummings's *The Pied Piper: Allard K. Lowenstein and the Liberal Dream* (Grove, $19.95) claims that the late civil-rights activist, congressman, and UN ambassador was working for the CIA as early as the 1950s, simultaneously with his service as head of the National Student Association, and later represented that agency in South Africa and Franco's Spain.

War Diaries: November 1939-March 1940 (Pantheon, $17.95), by Jean-Paul Sartre, translated by Quintin Hoare, finds the philosopher as a reserve soldier stationed in Alsace, waiting for the Germans to attack and musing upon the "abstract, rootless individual" that is himself. —CW

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study the problem and finance production.

Maurice and Smithson show that history is a long string of averted economic crises; the 1970s energy crisis is only the latest. An earlier "crude" crisis involved crude rubber. In 1940, America imported 98 per cent of its rubber from the Far East. When those lands were conquered by Japan, the United States faced a two-front war without a natural resource indispensable to modern warfare. Conventional wisdom tells of the huge government synthetic-rubber project that rapidly led to a substitute for natural rubber. In fact, the market had already provided synthetic rubber in the early 1930s in response to a short-lived "rubber cartel" set up by the British, French, and Dutch. As a result of the cartel, substantial production capacity was already in place by the time World War II started.

At the turn of the century, a timber crisis gripped the national imagination. "The End of the Lumber Supply," the headlines proclaimed, with admonitions to "Banish Christmas Trees." The U.S. Forest Service began programs to plant new trees and ration use. In fact, as timber became more scarce, it grew more expensive. Users turned to more efficient usage (less waste, more scientific milling of the logs, etc.) and to substitutes like metal for bridges, culverts, and buildings. The timber crisis was real but it was solved, because as wood grew more expensive, technological advances and creative substitution enabled consumers to find alternatives.

A final example from the many offered is worth consideration. Ever wonder what happened to the Bronze Age? A perfectly good age, not to mention metal, suddenly tossed aside, replaced by the Iron Age. The fable is that the ancients used bronze until about 1000 B.C. because they couldn't make iron. Not so. Iron was made well before the end of the Bronze Age. But why use iron when bronze was so cheap? Iron, forty times more valuable than silver, was a precious metal used for jewelry and ornamentation. (Iron spears then would be akin to platinum M-16s today.) Bronze is made of copper and tin. Greece has no tin, so the industry was dependent on imports from Persia. In about 1025 B.C. invasions from the south disrupted trade between Persia and Greece. Greece was left with no tin —a crisis of monumental proportions.

As the price of bronze rose, necessity forced ancient producers down their primitive learning curves toward improved extraction and more cost-effective smelting. The Iron Age began.

Although the authors make no such claim, *The Doomsday Myth* offers an interesting alternative to Marx's dialectic theory of history. Where Marx postulates history as a continuous clash of socio-economic classes, synthesizing into new classes that are challenged by newer classes, Maurice and Smithson paint history as a continuous clash of demand and supply. Consumers constantly acclimate to a standard of living set by existing technology. Supply is disrupted, often very suddenly. Lifestyles are disrupted. Entrepreneurial ingenuity synthesizes a new condition to which consumers adjust until another supply disruption forces a change.

The historical evidence in this book is clear: The government more often than not misunderstands and exacerbates economic problems despite its good intentions. Shortage-induced price increases create a supply response, and the most effective way to overcome the pain of a shortage is to let prices stir entrepreneurial ingenuity. The market has an uncanny knack for responding appropriately, not because businesspeople are always right and bureaucrats always wrong, but because there are so many entrepreneurs responding in different ways that, while some fail, others inevitably succeed. There are important lessons to be drawn for "industrial policy" or national economic planning of any kind.

While these lessons are not new, empirical evidence from so much of man's history, crossing a full spectrum of economic, technological, and political spectrums, is extremely useful. Furthermore, it is always pleasing to have economics taught in one's native tongue. This book is easy to read. As a result, the lessons are driven home all the more forcefully. Its only shortcoming is that it does not draw a stronger distinction between the way free economies have solved economic problems and the way planned (read socialistic) economies have handled them. Perhaps the authors felt the lessons were too obvious. Nevertheless, the book is a valuable reference text for the next "crisis," to be savored at home in a comfortable chair while the madding crowd anxiously hoards toilet paper or light bulbs. ☐

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Cuba sí! Yanqui no! Buckley definitely!

President John F. Kennedy listens to the secret proposal and approves *Proyecto Caimán*: Operation Alligator. Can anyone tread the deadly, delicate waters of diplomacy between Cuba and the United States (on what turns out to be the eve of the Cuban Missile Crisis) better than Blackford Oakes? He is JFK's personal choice—and co-star—in this, the latest in one of the most acclaimed series in espionage fiction.

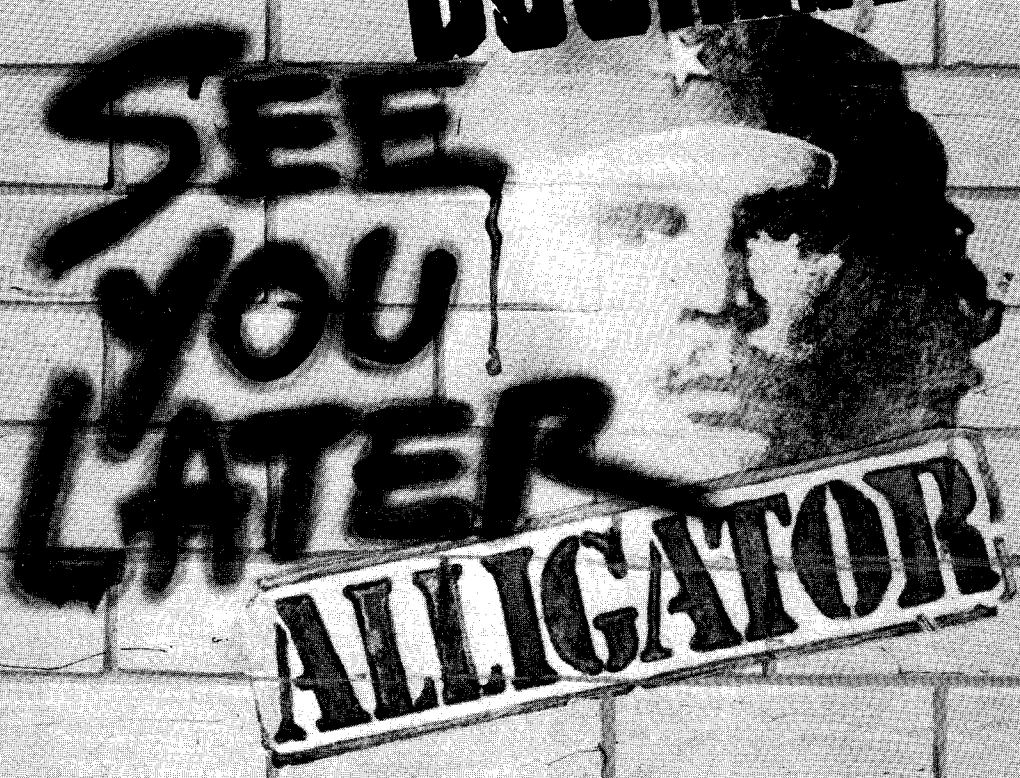
See You Later Alligator is Buckley's biggest, best novel. Rich in dialogue, debate, daring ingenuity—and in a mutual attraction with tragic consequences—it includes, among other surprises, an unexpected full-length portrait of the man called Che.

"Within his fiction, actual events are made as urgent and terrifying as they were in the bad old days. Buckley never forgets his plot or pace."—*Time Magazine*

As Edmund Fuller of *The Wall Street Journal* wrote, "The tense drama is a lesson in hard political realities... It shakes and moves us in its culminating events. The tales of Blackford Oakes get better and better."

And *See You Later Alligator* is the best yet.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.



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WHY FREE SPEECH?

Joseph Sobran

Freedom of Expression: Purpose as Limit, by Francis Canavan (Carolina Academic Press, 181 pp., $9.75)

"SPEECH, UNDERSTOOD without qualification or limit, is as capable of destroying as of establishing community among men." This is one of the controlling insights of Francis Canavan's book *Freedom of Expression: Purpose as Limit.*

The subtitle expresses the form of Father Canavan's whole argument: As soon as we specify the purpose of constitutionally protected freedom of expression, we also imply rational limits to the protection. Is the purpose the discovery of truth? Then falsehood as such may not qualify for protection. Nor obscene speech, let alone nude dancing.

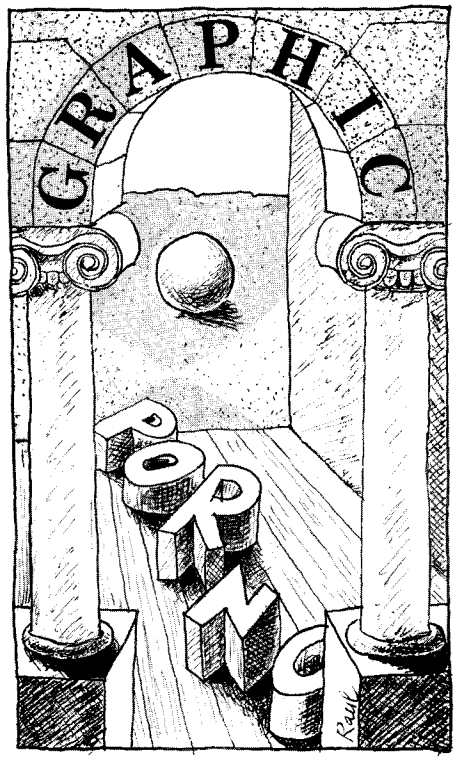
Yet the Supreme Court has absurdly stretched the notion of "ideas" to cover things like pornography. There is a weird elasticity in the recent history of the Court's free-expression rulings. At first the word "expression" was used as a handy umbrella device to cover the related freedoms of speech, press, and assembly to petition for redress. Gradually, however, the Court came to talk as if an unqualified right of "expression" were embedded in the First Amendment itself.

We have even heard the phrase "symbolic speech" used to cover physical acts like burning draft cards or degrading the flag—as if speech itself weren't symbolic. In fact the Court, especially during the Warren era, has resolutely refused to take radical utterances on their own terms, as assaults on the community rather than as "contributions" to the "free exchange" of "ideas." The liberal regime tries heroically to assimilate its avowed enemies, by insistently interpreting curses and threats as merely cognitive statements.

Father Canavan's first chapter reviews the modern Court's progressively more incoherent utterances on subversive, obscene, and otherwise destructive forms of expression. He demonstrates that the Court has not only expanded the range of protected "free expression" but has actually lost its moorings by changing its rationale from one case to another. It has argued from the sacredness of truth and from the unknowability of truth; from the community's right to know and from the community's lack of any right to impose its standards on dissenters; from the dignity of reason and from the impossibility of determining what is irrational. The attempts of the Burger Court to draw limits haven't helped much, from the standpoint of consistency. We now have only a hodgepodge of disordered precedents that neither limit the range of permissible expression in any helpful way nor even provide a firm justification for the kind of free speech about which there is a real consensus.

The result is that the right of free speech, though hardly qualified in practice, has really ceased being a right in any moral sense. Its main rhetorical defense these days is the alleged danger of imposing any limits at all: If we jail the pornographer, we may wind up arresting philosophers. This sort of cautionary prediction belongs to a phony empiricism, not to philosophy. It begs the question: Why shouldn't we arrest philosophers?

Willmoore Kendall observed that the liberal defenders of free speech argue from the stereotype of Socrates versus the Assembly; it goes without saying that Socrates is always right and the Assembly is always wrong, even if the role of Socrates is currently being played by Owen Lattimore or Larry Flynt. Thus Justice William Brennan dissented from one Court decision, which he attacked as "another of the dominant culture's inevitable efforts to force those groups who do not share its *mores* to conform to its way of thinking, acting, and speaking." Note the quasi-Marxist touch: There are no universally *right* ways of thinking, acting, and speaking, only the Leninist problem of who is going to do what to whom; in this case, a bullying majority imposing its will on weak minorities. There is no question of a "minority" being in the wrong. The Court's liberals have never quite said that the right of free expression is absolute, but they have insisted that the community meet virtually impossible conditions—e.g., proving that a pornographic work is "*utterly* without redeeming social value"—before it may set any limit on the right's exercise.



The bulk of *Freedom of Expression* reviews the classic arguments for freedom of speech. Father Canavan looks closely at Milton, Locke, Spinoza, Tunis Wortman, Mill, Bagehot, Laski, Chafee, and Meiklejohn. He finds their arguments of varying cogency, but he is concerned mostly with what they have in common: a specificity of purpose that (except perhaps for Laski) inherently limits the range of the freedoms they seek to secure. "An argument proves no more than it proves," he says sensibly. Milton's argument that a Protestant society can tolerate "neighboring differences" that don't include, and *can't* include, "Popery and open superstition" can hardly be twisted into an argument for tolerating pornography. John Stuart Mill went much further—made, in fact, a radically different argument—in contending that society should allow various "experiments in living." But he too seems to have assumed a specific cultural framework that makes his principles hard to apply to present-day society, and he laid down the condition that commercial pimping wasn't covered by his case for freedom. Why not? He gave no reasons and passed over this large question; probably he was just being prudent. But he had released a genie that sees no reason to observe his anomalous stricture.

The freedom these thinkers contended for, Father Canavan concludes, "was the freedom of reason to pursue the true and the good through discussion and debate. This is a broad free-

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dom, but not a simply amorphous one. Having a goal, it does have limits, and there is much in the way of expression that it does not cover or covers only lightly." Whether this freedom has produced the benefits they hoped for is an interesting but separate question. At any rate, it is imbecilic to suppose that they intended to spawn Times Square. Even William Brennan ought to be able to grasp that.

Father Canavan has the rare gift of presenting subtle philosophical arguments lucidly without losing touch with earthier realities, as when he cites a remark of Pope Pius XII: "What interests the masses in this regard is not the beauty of the nude, but the nudity of the beauty." *Freedom of Expression* goes directly to the core of a great debate and maintains perfect focus; each chapter is a gem of concise exposition. That its intellectual and stylistic virtues by no means guarantee that it will achieve the cultural penetration it deserves to have is a strong reason for pessimism about the social value of free speech.

Is it fated that bad expression must drive out good expression? Probably, if we put all forms of expression on a single plane—as the liberal regime does. Father Canavan's book makes one demand on the reader: that he get into the habit of thinking critically in an area where slogans are now sovereign. For most of the people who should read this book, that may be asking too much. Their habits of thought have already been formed by other forces. □

EISENHOWER RECONSIDERED

Charles Burton Marshall

Eisenhower, Volume II—The President, by Stephen E. Ambrose (Simon & Schuster, 750 pp., $24.95)

LIFE, WHICH began at forty for U. S. Grant, was even slower getting under way for Dwight D. Eisenhower. At age fifty, a quarter-century after finishing West Point at the median of the 1915 class, he was anticipating three more years of staff duties before making colonel. The ensuing 29 years of achievement, prerogative, and world

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renown have been chronicled in two volumes by Stephen E. Ambrose. The second, under discussion here, has to do with the Eisenhower Presidency—so far the only Republican one besides Grant's to compass two full terms.

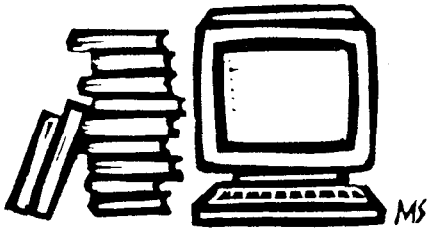
This painstaking account, focusing on the attitudes, deeds, and words of its central figure, draws upon a twenty-year search of the Eisenhower Administration's comprehensive records, notes kept by principal presidential attendants, and many interviews of Eisenhower associates. A ten-page chapter of synthesis and assessment aside, the structure is chronological rather than thematic, in contrast to Eisenhower's own memoirs. An inquirer into, say, arms control, the Joseph McCarthy phenomenon, or Southeast Asian perplexities may find the answer distributed among as many as three dozen entries. Anyone reading straight through must be impressed with President Eisenhower's assiduity, notwithstanding numerous golfing holidays and prolonged bridge sessions.

A cardinal faculty of Eisenhower's was charisma, defined in my dictionary as "a personal magic of leadership arousing special popular loyalty or enthusiasm for a statesman or military commander." Eisenhower's standing in general affection was higher at the close than at the start of his incumbency—a rare distinction—and an improvident amendment to the Constitution was the only obstacle to a third term. The phrase "I Like Ike" expressed a mood common to tens of millions who, seeing the man in pictures if not in the flesh, felt they knew him and, as Ambrose puts it, counted themselves "damned lucky to have him." A sunny countenance helped. The public visage characteristically radiated good will, modesty, guilelessness. The man himself, who reserved shows of temper for closer encounters, was calculating, willful, hugely self-assured, and resilient—that last a considerable asset at summits of civil and military authority, where anguish over errors past or uncertainties ahead is baneful. There was also a degree of ambivalence. To his sometime speechwriter, Emmet John Hughes, Eisenhower "seemed a little like a debate come to life"—a trait implicit in the Ambrose narrative.

The charisma factor can bemuse. James K. Polk, who lacked the quality, passed early into oblivion even with a prodigious string of accomplishments. A distinctly less imposing record got the amply endowed Theodore Roosevelt commemorated on Mount Rushmore. Though he is an Eisenhower fan, Ambrose withholds the degree of fervency exemplified in George H. Quester's recent *International Affairs* essay—"Was Eisenhower a Genius?"—which portrays the hero's moments of mediocrity as masterly dissemblings. Professor Ambrose ranks Eisenhower and his "magnificent performance" just below Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt in order of eminence—a B+, more or less. I suspect him of being an easy grader.

Ambrose chides Eisenhower's persistent inertness—a "nonapproach" ascribed to cold feet rather than a cool head—in the face of challenges to executive autonomy by the man whom he called, under his breath, "that goddamn McCarthy." He upbraids Eisenhower for being "surprisingly remiss" in showing "almost no leadership at all" on behalf of interracial accommodation following *Brown* v. *Topeka Board of Education*—a neglect reflecting personal sympathy for Southern white resisters. He laments Eisenhower's ambiguous response to Richard Nixon's ambition to become his political heir and deplores a failure to establish enduring ascendancy over Senator Robert A. Taft's wing of the party. Such perceived deficiencies are outweighed by Eisenhower's roles as expenditure cutter, as budget balancer, as practitioner of conciliation in place of the domestic crusade pledged in his bid for office, and as personifier of "the best decade of the century."

The "greatest successes," according to Ambrose, "came in foreign policy, and the related area of defense spending." Expectations there bordered on hubris. When tapped for Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles—citing his own "understanding . . . of intricate relationships between . . . peoples" and Eisenhower's "sensitiveness to the political considerations"—predicted that "we will make the most successful team in history." To an aide Eisenhower remarked of his nominee: "Only one man . . . has seen more of the world and talked with more people and knows more than he does—and that's me." Enlargements of the scope of the containment policy and even rollbacks of the Iron Curtain were contemplated.



The question is how great were the shortcomings. Time and circumstance would eventually erode the additions to containment. Nothing came of rollback except some feckless efforts—"irresponsible," as Ambrose correctly calls them—to stimulate uprisings in Eastern Europe beyond reach of American will and means. Ambrose writes concerning Eisenhower's role in the mid-1953 Iranian coup: "There was no squeamishness, no doubts. Do it, he told the CIA, and don't bother me with details." I should be even harsher than he regarding the overturning of the irksome Mohammed Mossadegh and the undoing thereby of what there was of legitimate authority in Iran—a boner that U.S. policy would rejoice to expunge if it could. Ambrose discerns the imprudence of successively wooing, snubbing, and then trying to humiliate Nasserite Egypt. His recounting of the U-2 bumble is devastating and just. And so on.

What then were the vaunted accomplishments? The inspirational Eisenhower in Ambrose's version was the conciliator whom he describes as consistently less militant in expression toward Communist adversaries once he was in office than before he achieved it, the peacemaker in Korea and peacekeeper over eight years, the unflappable crisis manager whose reluctance to deploy military force was constant except for a quixotic venture into Lebanon in 1958. Ambrose deplores missed opportunities for arms control with the Soviet Union and amelioration of relations with Cuba, but both, I suspect, are spurious.

Ambrose's praise of Eisenhower's defense cuts is as wrong, in my view, as are the textual references to South Asia as "the Italian subcontinent" and to Karachi as India's capital. Those cuts did not stem from military considerations. They were dictated in Senator Taft's conditions for party unity following the first Eisenhower nomination. Their effect was distortional and mischievous. Capital intensification in the form of heightened emphasis on nuclear weapons—"more bang for a

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buck" in a cliché of the times—was an expedient for trying to offset the drastic skimping on military manpower necessitated by the Taft strictures. The gimmick was to portray strategic nuclear weapons as an all-purpose deterrent bridging a critical gap opening up between expanded aims and reduced financing. Such was the purpose of Secretary Dulles's "massive retaliation" speech in early 1954. Communist expansion in Southeast Asia in the wake of a collapse of the French Union was what that speech was primarily designed to deter. The artifice was implausible and did not work. Ambrose's musings on the art and strategic uses of jawboning are unconvincing. The jawbone has not been a serviceable military tool since Judges 15:15. □

WORLDS FRAGMENTED

Stanley L. Jaki

The Way the World Is, by John Polkinghorne (Eerdmans, 144 pp., $4.95)

THERE WAS a time, not yet entirely over, when high rank in the Church assured built-in credibility for one's utterances well outside Church matters. For some time now scientists have been enjoying the same dubious status. It is not rare to see a Nobel Prize-winning physicist or biologist act like an oracle of universal wisdom. By pontificating in the name of their scientific excellence, recipients of Nobel Prizes in science may bring down upon them GBS's indictment of the Nobel Peace Prize: "Only a fiend in human form would have invented it."

Not that the author claims for himself major discoveries in physics. Nor is his book on science as such. The book is mostly on theology, an area in which the author considers himself a novice, not necessarily out of false modesty. Only three years elapsed between his resigning his Cambridge professorship in physics and his writing this booklet. In that interval he studied theology as a preparation for "ordained ministry," as he puts it, in the Church of England.

Judging by this book, the theology he assimilated was heavy on New Testament criticism, a field more complex than theoretical physics. Still more importantly, the sciences and theology are very different fields—a claim that may turn one nowadays into a loner. The in-thing in theology is to flock to Hans Küng's Tübingen home and sit there, not only at his feet but also at those of Thomas Kuhn. The latter, who has infuriated many men of science for having fragmented science into an incoherent succession of paradigms, is now presiding over a similar fragmentation of theology. The hatchet job is being carried out by "Concilium" theologians, obviously in dire need of sound counseling. For they are apparently unaware of the fact that they will have lost their claim to rational credibility if theological truth is nothing but a succession of sociologically conditioned perceptions.

Polkinghorne doesn't mention Kuhn, though twice he approvingly recalls Popper, the architect of falsificationism. He fails to suspect that on that basis also fragmentation is in store for his theological venture aimed at securing reasonableness for the main tenets of the Christian religion. He is not only galloping across the crucial issues of Christian theology (the status of the New Testament, of Jesus, His divinity and Resurrection) but also riding the wrong horse. It would be a bad horse even if it were a good scientific methodology, which can hardly be said about the Copenhagen interpretation of quantum mechanics, the author's chief intellectual arsenal. For all its computational wizardry, quantum mechanics

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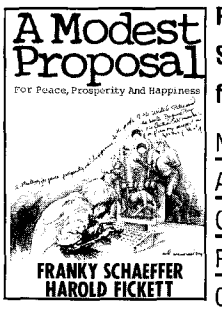

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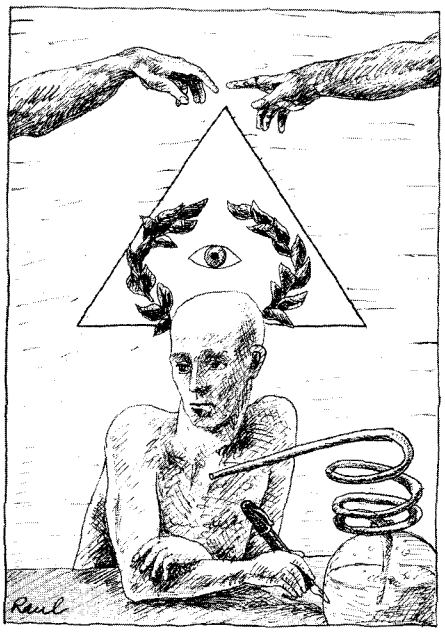
is not (as the Copenhagen interpretation claims it is) a proof of the proposition that one can know only aspects but not things in which aspects presumably inhere. Countless books to the contrary—including *The Particle Play*, Polkinghorne's popularization of fundamental particle physics—if one is to probe the play of particles one must have particles or things. It still remains a colossal fallacy in logic to argue, with an eye on Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, that if an interaction cannot be measured exactly, it cannot take place exactly. The fallacy is the confusion of the operational and ontological levels.

Ontology, of which the author could not learn through his studies of New Testament criticism, is indispensable even in Biblical theology. There one has to come face to face with such statements as "I AM WHO IS" and "Before Abraham existed I AM," and "I AM the Way, the Truth, and the Life," to mention only three. The second and third are not cited by Mr. Polkinghorne, whose notion of truth is probabilistic, harking back to his quantum-mechanical upbringing. Truth he confuses time and again with "knock-down demonstration." No wonder that he has no use for dogmatics, not even for the hallowed dogmatics of Nicea and Athanasius's defense of it, although it failed to "knock down" either the Arians and semi-Arians or their present-day liberal progeny.

Polkinghorne is unconvincing in his efforts to make his reader accept something divine in Jesus, Whose strict divinity he leaves to the mercy of the phenomenological approach, where it is largely ignored. According to Polkinghorne, that approach may liberate one "from the hectoring and self-confident tone of the *Quicunque vult*." Such is the worst kind of liberation theology conceivable. For it imprisons one in that probabilistic subjectivism for which the deepest ontological questions of theology—such as the *homoousion* and its chief corollary, the constant beatific vision enjoyed by Christ, the man—do not carry any significance. It is these connections that Polkinghorne wants his reader to slight with his slapdash scorn for the hypothetical inference that Jesus' knowledge should, according to the *Quicunque*, have included chromo-quantum-electrodynamics. A perfect knock-down or red herring for the unwary, ready to be



overawed by big words. Christ, the man, had both a steadily growing acquired knowledge and also a full knowledge that included all knowable, that is, far more than mere chromo-quantum-electrodynamics. Otherwise, as was perceived at Nicea, it cannot be stated with rational consistency that He was God and Man in *one* Person.

But why stress all this, which resembles the old argument over the one-letter difference between *homoousion* and *homoiousion*? There would be no reason for stressing it if Polkinghorne's familiarity with Harnack were more than cursory. Harnack pointedly noted, perhaps as advance warning for this century, the old theological commonplace that unless that letter *i* had been successfully discredited, Christianity would have quickly turned into an obscure variant of Judaism. For the great lesson of Nicea is that the term *monogenes* (only-begotten), which Polkinghorne does not necessarily take for a genuine part of the New Testament, was not enough to overcome Arius and to safeguard for Christianity its sole source of vigor, which is Christ's only-begotten status proclaimed in the New Testament.

Eusebius, the urbane and learned Bishop of Caesarea, and his crypto-Arian party could twist the *monogenes* to their pleasure. They could not do the same with *consubstantialis*, which they therefore opposed on the ground that it was not Scriptural! In doing so they also opposed the teaching authority of the hierarchy united with Rome, a unity that alone could vouch for the legitimacy of a philosophical term as the indispensable defense of orthodoxy. Nothing of this is suspected by Polkinghorne. Not unexpectedly, he takes Christ's declaration, "You are Peter and upon this rock," etc. for an "additional" part of the New Testament, in spite of the strikingly Aramaic prosody of that entire declaration. No less unexpectedly, he fails to consider that on such a basis so many other sayings of Jesus should be taken for "additional" parts of the New Testament as to turn its hypothetically genuine form into the "Shortest Testament." That "shortest" form would not, of course, include the words "by their fruits, ye shall know them," lest the form criticism of the New Testament should have its genuinely New Testament indictment.

The story of *monogenes* was memorably told by Newman, hardly a cherished name for Polkinghorne. What Newman in his still Anglican sermons on the Antichrist said about the uselessness of the preachers' "domestic virtues" for the propagation of Christian faith is also true of a "domesticated" theology. Christ's stilling the stormy sea is domesticated by Polkinghorne when he refers as a useful parallel to the unexpected though completely natural stillness of the Channel at the evacuation of British troops at Dunkirk. One is reminded of the late Canon Raven's identification of the Kingdom of Heaven with a well-drilled Cambridge eight.

It is doubtful that on the basis of this book one might hope for a calming of the latest Anglican storm stirred up by the new Bishop of Durham's "scientific" onslaught on Christ's miracles and His Resurrection. Tellingly, the bishop rejects the *bodily* Resurrection of Christ. Once more, things—bodies—are the ultimate touchstone of truth. This book is hardly about the *way* the world is, physical and spiritual, and it certainly does not provide those worlds. In fact, both are potentially fragmented in this book. It may titillate Christians eager to make a misconstrued theology appear respectable to a scientific forum chronically misunderstanding itself. The book will not be a source of strength at a time that sees the sudden emergence of religion in the center of the stage of global conflicts as if the Antichrist himself had been let loose to separate the lightweight from the heavyweight. □

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FILM

MISDIRECTIONS

John Simon

IT IS HARD to say which is more perverse: our filmmaking or our film reviewing. One of the hits of the fall and winter was *Stranger than Paradise*, a film that won an award at Cannes for its young director, Jim Jarmusch, who also wrote this piece of foolishness. It scored, too, at the New York Film Festival, got numerous raves upon its commercial release, and was voted best movie of 1984 by the National Society of Film Critics. Nothing about this aimless piece of home-movie-making makes the slightest bit of sense, and it was ground out on a budget so low and with so little technical skill as to set the film clock back by some 75 years. The director could not manage tracking shots, and just barely a few primitive pans; the camera is mostly stationary in the missionary position. There are only a handful of camera setups, mostly indoors and repetitive, and the only way Jarmusch could go from shot to shot was via blackouts, which were promptly saluted as innovative. In fact, this film, about three young drifters who merely hang out, around, and in, was hailed as representative of a new genre, the hanging-out film. I consider it more of a hanging matter.

Another hit of the New York Film Festival was *Blood Simple*, hosannaed as a revivification of the *film noir*. Actually, it does not so much pump new blood into an old genre as provide new catsup in old bottles. This is the kind of film where blood on a car seat is still so fresh the following day that, when a concealing towel is tossed over it, it manages to seep through. Here it is the brain that congeals. Thus a cheating married woman, who has reason to believe her husband is out to get her, moves into an apartment with huge windows but no blinds or curtains, to facilitate a sniper's work. When her lover comes at night to warn her, and tells her to turn off the light, she refuses. And he, too dumb even to duck, argues with her in the brightly lit room with his back to the window. If for no other reason than stupidity, he deserves to die.

Everyone in this film laid in Texas is full of lust or blood-lust, and profoundly simple-minded, which, I take it, is what the singularly clumsy title is meant to mean. Directed by 29-year-old Joel Coen and written by his brother, Ethan, age 27, *Blood Simple* is a typical film-school product: the cross-breeding of two genres, the *film noir* and the horror film (Joel's only previous professional experience was working on some horror films), which must have struck these young men as a particularly clever idea, the more so since much of the lust and violence is played for laughs. In any case, the marriage of horror and *noir* is sheer miscegenation. The horror film thrives on creating an atmosphere of unreality within reality, in which the weirdly irrational becomes plausible. The *film noir*, conversely, depends on making the most outrageous corruption seem so widespread and natural as to imply that vice is ecumenical, evil transcendent. But satanism and moral pessimism make poor bedfellows: The one is basically optimistic (God or man will defeat the devil), the other not (man is mostly bad, and that's that).

Indeed, the Coens did not really have to attend film school; it would have sufficed to study the worst films of Brian de Palma (which is to say almost any), but perhaps that *is* what goes on at our film schools. We are expected to believe that the murderous, extremely fat private eye (M. Emmet Walsh) can reach through adjoining windows from one apartment into another, there to have his hand nailed to the inside window sill by a knife; in agony, he can nevertheless, with four or five bullets, shoot a sufficient hole into the wall between the apartments to stick his other arm through it and pull out the knife. For this, he would have to be either Superman or an octopus. Again, after a man has been left for dead by a highly professional killer and transported for miles by a highly unprofessional one, he proves not only not dead but also able to pull a gun on his second aggressor, who is burying him alive. Presently he becomes even more one of the Undead, as he comes back to haunt his unfaithful wife. This is revealed to be only her dream, but a dream that, in context, makes no psychological, only exploitational, sense.

Though there is some decent acting, chiefly by Walsh and by Dan Hedaya

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as the vermiculate husband, most of the production values are mediocre. (It's fine to be low-budget, but only so long as it doesn't show.) Yet *Blood Simple* has been extolled by Richard Corliss of *Time* (to cite one typical accolade) as "a debut as scarifyingly assured as any since Orson Welles's." Aside from the fact that "scarifying" does not mean "scary," does this mean that *Blood Simple* is as good as *Citizen Kane*? Not even Corliss could be that absurd. Then it can mean only that terrifying assurance is a major good in itself. But there has never been a master criminal who lacked such assurance; does that make him an artist? Criticism should not be moralistic, but it cannot avoid being moral and survive.

John Schlesinger's *The Falcon and the Snowman* is yet another chapter in this once talented director's sad decline. With a very good real-life story—the imprisonment of two California kids from affluent families for spying for the Russians—and a fine journalistic account of the events by Robert Lindsey to go on, Schlesinger has come up with nothing more than a jerky and muddled seriocomic tale about two inept spies, heavily peppered with facile anti-Americanism. Although he declared that he was more interested in the *why* than in the *what* of this bizarre story, he manages to skimp on the *what* and never gets closer to the *why* than cheap sloganeering.

Christopher Boyce, the son of an ex-FBI man working in the aerospace industry, and Daulton Lee, the adopted son of a World War II hero turned doctor, were friends since their altar-boy days in parochial school. Boyce is handsome, bright, and unstable—an elitist Miniver Cheevy, he hates his father, starts out to be a priest, drops out of seminary, then quits college. Through his father's connections, the 21-year-old lands a job in the Black Vault, a CIA satellite-surveillance cen-

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

As the balance-of-trade figures continue to swing against the American economy, the industrial-policy debate continues apace. Half a year or so ago Kevin Phillips, the populist-conservative author and commentator, published a book in which he attempted to steal the issue from the leftist precincts in which it had arisen (cf. "Reconstructing America," by Felix Rohatyn, *The New York Review of Books*, March 5, 1981). Among the most recent contributions to the controversy is *High-Technology Policies: A Five-Nation Comparison* (American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $4.95), written by Professor Richard R. Nelson of Yale University under the aegis of the AEI's Competing in a Changing World Economy project. Although the book is intentionally narrow in focus, Nelson's questions are pertinent and his answers have real significance.

Is it a strong economic advantage to a country, Nelson asks, to be blessed with healthy high-technology industry? What is the relationship between the dynamics of an economy and its high-technology sector? And finally: Which types of government-designed neomercantilist programs have been successful in forwarding high-tech growth, and which have merely got in the way? "Like the private-enterprise part of the system," Nelson observes, "the governmental part is variegated. Government has played various roles, with different purposes, and the magnitude and structure of the government role have varied significantly from industry to industry. Given the objectives, some of the policies and programs have been very effective. There have been, however, several fiascos."

The bulk of the book is devoted to a careful examination of attempts on the part of the governments of the United States, Britain, France, West Germany, and Japan to enhance and direct the growth of their advanced technologies in the areas of semiconductors and computers, civil aviation, and nuclear power, and to a number of interesting remarks concerning what the author calls "plausible directions for U.S. policies." While conceding that his suggestions will seem like "weak tea compared to those [programs] that other countries have put in place or those that have been discussed by advocates of a far more activist industrial policy for the United States," Nelson stands convinced that there is nevertheless "not much about the active industrial policies of other countries that we ought to be emulating."

With the exception of Japan, whose Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) has no true counterpart in the four other countries under discussion, efforts by government to stimulate and direct the progress of industry have been attempted less in the expectation of actually accomplishing these goals than from the desire to appear to be "doing something" to enhance technological growth and economic competitiveness. In Professor Nelson's opinion,

> Policies strongly favoring certain classes of industry and providing considerable if broad-gauged industry guidance . . . simply will not be accepted in the United States unless they are tied, in a real or symbolic way, to national security. And, if the national-security connection is largely symbolic, the likely result will be either a new project Apollo or a pork barrel, but almost certainly not a policy that looks like MITI's. . . . We need to pick and choose from the policies that have been piloted by other countries, considering seriously only those that have showed promise abroad and look as if they might be implemented effectively here.

America's assets are its defense-related research-and-development expenditures; its broad system of public education; and the competitiveness and openness of its internal economy. Currently the educational system is subject to fundamental difficulties, but as for the advancing sclerosis that Joseph Schumpeter predicted in 1942 for modern, post-capitalist societies, nothing much seems to have come of it. While the United States in all of its parts displays a certain unamenability to coordination that continues to be noted and bemoaned by progressive critics, it is to that same characteristic that the vitality of its economy is owing. "If," Nelson suggests, "MITI does not seem likely in our future, the flexible industrial structure of the United States should not be discounted as a formidable competitive engine of progress. We may be lucky that it so stubbornly resists being targeted, coordinated, or planned." □

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ter, whose very existence the agency denies. Here he is shocked by discovering such things as the CIA's maneuverings to oust Australia's Labor government, and decides to sell some top-secret information to the Soviets, out of idealism but also for good money. Here is a complex character in need of careful analysis—if not by a therapist, at least by the filmmakers.

Meanwhile Lee, whose physical growth stopped in fifth grade at five feet two, and whose mental growth was tampered with by snobbish teachers, became a pot dealer in high school and a hard-drug pusher and addict thereafter. In constant trouble with the law, he was mostly living in exile in Mexico City, and seemed like the right courier to transmit Boyce's information to the Russian embassy there. What held the two boys together, though, was their shared interest in falconry of all things, but Schlesinger mucks this up, too, allowing the pursuit of this elegantly antique but brutal sport only to the comely and aristocratic Boyce, while showing us Lee mostly amid his drug-dealing escapades and mishaps. Though much is made of the kinetic splendor of the falcon's soaring and swooping, the psychological implications of this, as of so much else, are left unexplored.

Lee's dealings with the Russians in Mexico are written (by Steven Zaillian) and directed almost exclusively for comedy, if not farce. Lee is a bumbler who nevertheless has his moments of shrewdness, whereas the Russians are suave and crafty, though they have their lapses into clumsiness. Meanwhile Boyce's dealings with his job and family are written and directed for supposedly sophisticated satire, although everything is simplified and vulgarized to the point where even the truth looks preposterous. Thrown in is a perfunctory romance for Boyce, and some whoring around for Lee, but so superficial is Schlesinger's approach that a love affair seems to mean no more than the frequenting of prostitutes. So, too, Boyce's father is played by the stocky blowhard Pat Hingle, and his mother by the puffy-faced Joyce Van Patten, which is meant to provide a pre-fabricated epiphany. Lee's folks are even more nebulous, but look proper. Schlesinger should quit making movies and become a semiologist.

To be sure, the tempo of the editing is jazzy, the composition of shots often suggestively layered, and Allen Daviau's cinematography very stylish. But to what avail, when some of this cannot be followed, much of it isn't made credible, and many of the best parts of the story (notably Boyce's escape from jail, his bank robberies and recapture through his resumption of falconry) are simply left out? This puts an inordinate burden on the two stars: They have to keep us involved even though the core of their motivation is missing, so that neither what they are recoiling from nor what they are reaching for is clear. Under the circumstances, Timothy Hutton, as Boyce, resorts to underplaying and being mysterious; Sean Penn, as Lee, to overplaying and being manic. Since both are accomplished actors, they get a certain mileage out of their strategies, but, in the long run, that mileage is as good as a miss.

In lesser roles, David Suchet as the Russian contact, Dorian Harewood as a fellow Black Vaulter, and the aforementioned Pat Hingle manage to have some impact; but most of the film is, like Harewood's puzzling present to Hutton, a stuffed owl. The cheapness is capped by the final song on the soundtrack: David Bowie's warbling of "This Is Not America." Maybe not, but neither is *The Falcon and the Snowman* filmmaking. □

DELECTATIONS

JULIAN, AT LEAST TASTE THAT CARROT, PLEASE

Nika Hazelton

I HEAR MY voice saying those loaded words more often than I care to remember when my children were young. I can still hear my agonized tones, lacking, however, in conviction, since I knew Julian would *not* taste that carrot unless it was shoved down his throat—difficult with a strong young boy, not to mention unseemly. There was no way of making Julian eat carrots or any other vegetable, with the exception of corn and, later, perhaps an asparagus tip or two. However, he did eat a lot of fruit, so that he was never sick with whatever sickness

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comes from a lack of carrots and other vegetables, the fruit compensating for this general aversion. The lessons I learned from this were that there is no moral or spiritual stigma attached to not liking carrots, and that there are compensations for everything.

I also learned that children, even very small ones, have definite food tastes just like grownups. Also, that even the noblest examples of their elders in eating (as in other matters) do not inspire them to emulation. The fact that I would rather eat carrots than his beloved canned ravioli did not influence Julian in the least. (He got over the canned ravioli, but did not take to vegetables instead.) However, during two very expensive camp summers in the Adirondacks (you could reach the camp only by speedboat or seaplane) he did learn to like the aforementioned corn and also cherry pie. The asparagus tips, as far as I cared to inquire about them, came when he started dating. Yet Julian cares quite a lot for nice food, even French and Thai food, whereas his brother only likes very plain, simple things. (He is the one who would keep one pea in his mouth for hours, rolling it from cheek to cheek. But he does *like* peas, even when he has to cook them for himself—frozen ones for simplicity's sake—since he does not go in for women who cook.) Considering that I, their mother, have written books about very different cuisines, and that all the recipes in these books, hundreds of them, were tested by me and consumed in the home, I cannot help coming to the conclusion mentioned above—namely, that children do not necessarily take their food leads from their elders.

On the whole, children like plain foods, cereals (cold, not hot), fried chicken, and fried potatoes, and dislike creamed or sauced dishes ("Mother, ketchup is not a sauce," still rings in my ears as they doused their foods with it and I told them not to). So when people tell me, filled with pride, that their children rejoice in oysters, snails, and rabbit stews in Europe and demand similar fare at home, I can only admire these adventurous young feeders or doubt their veracity and/or suspect their parents of gullibility, both sentiments I feel more often than I care to express them. (After all, we want to remain friends.)

I also learned that one should never force a child to eat something that makes him gag. It is one thing to demand that a piece of carrot or a pea should be tasted, and quite another one to ask a child to eat kidneys, liver, fish, pâté, or, in short, anything but mild, ordinary, innocuous foods. The latter should be tasted once, and let the kid leave the table to spit it out if he cannot swallow it. Make the moral point that you cannot reject what you do not know (if you believe this, which I don't) but avoid the Battle of the Dinner Table at all costs, especially if you believe in the togetherness of the Family Meal.

But what is all that nonsense about family meals promoting feelings of love and togetherness? Most of them do quite the contrary when they are constantly enforced. First of all, most of the time children and parents just want to eat and get it over with. Second, family meals with small children and their beastly table manners are hell, whereas older children, as I say, want to get out as fast as they can. I admit that, for a family, it is more practical to cook all the food at one time, but when the atmosphere is thick, as it frequently is in family life, why not let the members eat separately, as they now do anyway, or read during the meal? From experience I know that it is so much better not to irritate the loved ones with unimportant rules. Then you have a bargaining point when it comes to important things, e.g., dating, cars, drugs, and drinking.

Yet children have to eat with grownups at their own table sometimes in order to learn table manners, assuming that the grownups have table manners. (All too frequently this is not so, especially when the parents have been liberated beyond their just deserts.) Children should also be taken out to as fine a restaurant as you can afford, to see that the good life requires certain exterior forms—and that within reason it is worth while to strive after the pelf that provides the good life. Meanwhile, eating in the kitchen does not mean milk or soda bottles on the table, and proper paper napkins should be used, not paper towels torn off anyhow. Not all meals have to be eaten *en famille*, but perhaps half of them might be a good number. Get the kids while they are young, just big enough to sit at the table. And, grownups, I urge you to remember to keep dinner talk free of peeves and worries, your own and the children's. □

THE GIMLET EYE

PAWNBROKER'S SOLILOQUY

D. Keith Mano

It's dim and cluttered as the bottom of a housing-project airshaft. Bongo drum and engagement ring and ghetto blammer: the scant collateral of existence. Lincoln Square Pawnshop is an overtrafficked, big and frantic joint between 101st and 102nd on Broadway —from it comes small, sudden liquidity for the entire Upper West Side. Mexican maraca and tennis racquet and gold chain: you can window-shop human lives there. Gary Kalter, 36, grandson of the business, has his BA in journalism and a smile so communicable, so uncounterfeit he could hock it for rent. This isn't Rod Steiger. Gary resisted his family trade, summer work aside, like maybe it was an environmental insult. Pawnbroking, after all, isn't one of those tomorrow skills they tell you to acquire. I'll let him think aloud about his near-dead profession: a line of work that used to provide both cash flow and social nexus in ev-

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ery urban ten-block square. Call it the Three Ball Blues.

IMAGE? It was a heavy thing when I was single and dating. "What do you do for a living?" "I'm a pawnbroker." It'd take a woman two hours to get over that. Now, well, I don't mind. It isn't my favorite place to work. All you need is the wrong customer. One guy, one old woman, to walk up to the counter and say, "Hey, Jew bastard, gimme my ring." But I have two kids now. My father is here. I'm not going anywhere.

Ten years ago there were 123 pawnbrokers in New York. Now there are like 17. And only one other that'll make a loan under $100. We're a neighborhood store, so we have to loan $15 or $10. Addicts and people on welfare aren't my customers; 99.9 per cent of my customers are middle-ground people, working people. They fall behind in the rent and pawn something. Normally it'll take them a month to catch up. They can't go anyplace else because they have no collateral—besides his heavy gold chain, her wedding ring. No bank is going to loan them anything.

The more you loan out, the more money in the business. A gold wedding ring, say. If you bought it in a store today, they'd probably charge you $150. If you went to sell it, you'd probably get $27. Second-hand wedding rings aren't worth much more than the weight. I'd give you a $15 or $17 loan. The interest is 3 per cent a month, 45 cents. That's a very small amount of money, but it depends how many times you loan it out. The whole thing is based on turnover. And chances are you'll come back in a week and take that wedding ring out.

How much goods would you say get left over with me? Between 2 and 3 per cent, that's all. We're supposed to take something left for six months—but we'll extend that because we're not looking to sell your watch or ring. Once we sell we lose a customer. We run a collateral bank here. My customers aren't about to leave over something they paid $400 for, for $50. And we keep our valuable stuff in the bank, they know that. Every sect has its power symbol. The young, it's their radios. Black people have their diamond rings. Spanish people have a lot of gold. And you don't leave your power symbol in pawn forever.

No way we're going to get involved with something hot. Every item that comes in, description and serial number go down on a police form. Then into a computer at the police lost-properties department. By now I can tell hot goods right away. A kid with sneakers brings me in an $800 camera. First thing I'll say is, "It's got to be a 31-millimeter or I don't take it." He says it is a 31-millimeter—of course there's no such thing. Or I'll hand it back and say, "Just open it up to be sure there's no film in it." And he can't figure how to open it up. We won't touch it. This year we haven't lost one item to the police. Last year one camera.

I think I've gotten a little hard. In the beginning I used to get very emotionally involved. I still try, but now I'm leery. Because nine out of ten people who come in are lying. Over the years I've found that out. And we deal with some very tough characters. You get a guy coming in—he's a little high and he's screaming and yelling. I find that I can deal with blacks. For some reason I can read them. We've been in business for thirty years and we've had cops in our place once. Most people mind their manners here. They need us. Usually I can say to a guy who's four times my size and a killer—I can say, "If you come in like that again, I'm not going to do business with you any more." He'll say, "Hey, man, I'm really sorry about that." But I'll wait until he's calm. Or he may use my head for a bowling ball.

No one in his right mind would open a pawnshop today. If you had that kind of capital, you'd find better work for it. Yet this whole area would be in bad shape if we closed. People here have known me since I was 14, and I know their kids and their mothers and their grandmothers. They're good people. What the government provides just doesn't work. If we went out, where would they go for end-of-the-month cash? I suppose a certain amount of them would turn to crime. The younger ones. Working people—well, I guess they'd have to sell their belongings for next to nothing. Yet, as a profession, pawnbroking is dying. High rent and the risk of violence have driven it out. We're an irreplaceable American institution and there aren't many of us left any more. □

A "CAN'T LOSE" CONTEST
FOR EPISCOPALIANS/ANGLICANS/CHRISTIANS

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS ON YOUR FAITH?

1. Jesus' order of ministry (priests and bishops) for His Church included both males and females. _____True, _____False.

2. The Word of God, The Bible, is not as true today as it was when it was first written and the Church may change the scripture by mis-translanting the Psalms, and arranging the Sunday and Daily Bible readings to leave out the parts with which the leadership of the Church doesn't agree. _____True, _____False.

3. The 1979 Book of Common Prayer on each and every page supports the traditional Christian beliefs of the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, and the Trinity. _____True, _____False.

4. The service called "Confirmation" in the 1979 Book of Common Prayer is the same as Confirmation is in the 1928 Book of Common Prayer. _____True, _____False.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

War in Val d'Orcia: An Italian War Diary, 1943-1944, by Iris Origo (Godine, 239 pp., $8.95)

"THE YEAR from June 1943 to June 1944 was one of the most disastrous in the whole of Italian history," writes the Oxford historian Denis Mack Smith in his introduction to this first American edition of Iris Origo's Italian war diary, covering the 18 months from January 1943 to July 1944, and published originally in England in 1947. In a noisy, braggart literary age, this quietly eloquent and deeply humane account is a very precious jewel, a classic of informed observation and sympathy by a writer whose aesthetic and moral sensibilities are in exquisite equilibrium. The Anglo-American Marchesa Origo and her Italian husband lived on a large estate near the lovely hill town of Montepulciano in southern Tuscany; had there been more patrician landowners like them, the old paternalistic order never would have fallen. They actually behaved as if *noblesse* obliged: The Marchesa had built and taught in a school for the local peasants, and her husband concerned himself with the detailed administration of the series of farms that made up their holdings. They were trusted, respected, and probably loved, as they ought to have been, to judge from this understated account of their attempts to keep their dependents alive and well in a time and place torn by treachery, death, destruction, and civil war. Among these dependents were dozens of children who had been evacuated from cities—Turin, Genoa, Leghorn—that were being heavily bombed by the Allies, but among them also were numerous escaped Allied prisoners of war. All were hidden, fed, tended, cared for—lovingly and at great risk—and in this solicitude the Origos and their peasants were not alone, as is attested by numerous other accounts. I have met English officers like the Major Gibson quoted by Iris Origo, who could never forget that he owed his life to the loving shelter provided by Italian peasants who had good reason to hate him: "Simple Christianity impelled them to befriend . . . complete strangers, feed them, clothe them, and help them on their way. . . . All over Italy this miracle was to be seen, the simple dignity of humble people who saw in the escaped prisoners not representatives" of a hated foreign enemy "but individuals in need of their help." In the face of brutal reprisals against them by Nazi and Fascist fanatics, thousands of peasants nonetheless gave this aid and comfort, with no conceivable motive of self-interest. There are many riches in this marvelous book, perhaps the most unforgettable being the scene of the final march of the whole Origo household, with its sixty children, eight miles by foot over a mined road littered with corpses and constantly shelled or strafed, to the ultimate safety of Montepulciano. The spirit of a time, a place, and a people, with all its fears and exaltations, its vicissitudes, suffering, and nobility, have here been caught in luminous prose as in translucent amber. On October 11, 1943, Iris Origo wrote in her diary: "It is quite impossible to attach importance to any material possessions now. All that one still clings to is a few vital affections." These vital affections suffuse a magnificent book.

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Galina: A Russian Story, by Galina Vishnevskaya, translated by Guy Daniels (Harcourt Brace, 519 pp., $19.95)

GALINA VISHNEVSKAYA, the great Russian soprano whose harsh, imperious voice inspired such modern masterpieces as Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem* and Dmitri Shostakovich's 14th Symphony, has now written an autobiography. Subtitled "A Russian Story," *Galina* might just as well have been called "The Bolshoi Archipelago"; in any event, it has about as much in common with the typical confessions

M. Ian

of a prima donna as *The Maltese Falcon* has with *The Canary Murder Case*. A formidable woman whose aristocratic temperament made it impossible for her to knuckle under to the quotidian pressures of Soviet life, Vishnevskaya married a fellow artist of similar inclinations, cellist Mstislav Rostropovich; their daring decision to take Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn into their *dacha* to live and work brought them into direct conflict with the iron will of Yuri Andropov's KGB and ultimately led to their permanent departure from the Soviet Union. Vishnevskaya's powerful story is full of ferocious, grandly operatic comminations of vicious authorities and toadying colleagues. ("The great hangman Stalin died as a jackal does, cringing in his hole. And while his confederates hovered over his carcass tearing pieces of the future inheritance out of each other's teeth, his eyes, already glassy, may have caught a glimpse of the images of those victims tortured or killed under his orders.") For the less politically minded reader, *Galina: A Russian Story* also offers striking portraits of Britten and Shostakovich, a judicious amount of backstage gossip, a complete discography, and a revealing discussion of Vishnevskaya's memorable interpretation of Mussorgsky's *Songs and Dances of Death*. Essential and exciting reading—for KGB-haters *and* opera-lovers.

TERRY TEACHOUT

To Rescue the Future: The Pro-Life Movement in the 1980s, edited by Dave Andrusko (Life Cycle Books, 187 pp., $4.50)

THIS COLLECTION of essays on abortion, circulated by the National Right to Life Committee, provides more ammunition for the converted. The con-

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tributors to this volume have thought deeply about the medical, moral, and legal aspects of abortion, and given us intelligent and quite moving accounts of issues ranging from the Baby Doe euthanasia case to Supreme Court rulings in the *Akron*, *Ashcroft*, and *Simopolous* cases (which affirmed *Roe* v. *Wade*). There is hope for regulation of abortion under a revamped Supreme Court; but what about the political pressure that pro-life groups are supposed to be putting on legislators right now? This book does not adequately face up to the central organizing failure of the pro-life movement: namely, its inability to bring its various factions to *agree* on a piece of legislation before it is voted upon. New Right strategist Paul Weyrich advises, in probably the most savvy essay in the set, that waiting for the ultimate bill or constitutional amendment that will stop all abortions is "ineffective, perhaps immoral, because if one can take any steps toward stopping some abortions, that is a correct step *provided* that one keeps the ultimate objective in mind and continues to strive toward it."

DINESH D'SOUZA

BROOKS

(Continued from page 42)

fact that he had the names of the unindicted governors of Maryland tattooed up his right arm. Calvin stood his ground.

Finally, Harvard president Derek Bok Galbraith personally reviewed the literature produced by UPP studies and declared: "It is the conclusion of Harvard University that conservatism does not exist, and therefore we will be accepting federal grants for further study." Harvard's leading economist, John Kenneth Galbraith Galbraith, supported the president's position, saying, "If you can't tax it, it doesn't exist."

A panel was convened to review Calvin's sanity. They decided he was not fit to teach and said they would have accused him of McCarthyism if McCarthy had existed. They also recommended the elimination of the Unidentified Political Philosophies Study Group. That recommendation is still under consideration by the trustees.

Calvin accepted defeat gracefully: "I wish they had been more open-minded about it, but, as Dorothy Parker noted, you can't teach an old dogma new tricks." □

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THE HIGH COST OF ETERNAL YOUTH

NEW YORK, FEB. 20

THE STORY went around during the glum diplomatic dog-days in the late Thirties. The 13-year-old son asks his father, a retired senior diplomat: "Daddy, what was your role in the World War?" Lord Cecil looked up from his newspaper: "I tried to prevent the bloody thing."

If some day in the future we run into Apocalypse Now because of the national debt, conscientious objectors will wish to point to what they did to try to prevent the bloody thing.

Critics of big spending (and friends of high taxation) have been heard from ad infinitum on the subject, this commentator included. But as the story unfolds—the story of trying to lower federal spending costs by trimming the grants to the Minneapolis ballet—one heeds the counsel of wise men. Four years ago Irving Kristol, the distinguished godfather of the neoconservative movement, observed that shirttail-type budget cuts tend to generate opposition out of proportion to their yield. You can—the analysis goes—make it to the wire and succeed, say, in trimming the budget for food stamps, but by the time you have completed that race you will be out of breath, and the enemy, once upon a time weak and disorganized, will be highly consolidated.

A different approach, dealing in large categories, should be explored. And the key to it is the study of longevity.

For every decade, beginning in 1940, life expectancy increased by approximately one year.

This was so until 1970, when life expectancy began to increase more quickly. The increase between 1970 and 1980 was on the order of 1.2 years. And from 1980 to 1985, by extrapolation, the figure would be about half a year. Adding these figures together, one sees that since the inception of Social Security, the human life cycle has advanced by approximately five years.

Suppose that the implications of that longevity schedule were uniformly applied, where relevant, to federal disbursements. Suppose, even, that it were done gradually, i.e., not the whole of the five years at one sitting, but, say, one year at a time, every year.

This would mean that Social Security retirement would begin this year not at 65 but at 66, and, correspondingly, early retirement would begin not at 62, but at 63.

In federal service, where retirement is now permitted after twenty years (at age sixty), next year that figure would rise to 21, and on up to 25. The ad-hoc and complicated formulas (2 per cent of pay per year of service) and all the improvisations could easily be adjusted according to the formula.

In the army, retirement is permitted after twenty years' service, and this also should increase. A recent issue of *Time* magazine cites an example of the scale on which we deal: "In 1983, 90 per cent of military retirees were younger than fifty, and some 200,000 of them were 'double-dippers,' who had taken new government jobs. Currently, a lieutenant colonel in his mid-forties who retires with twenty years' service receives $20,480 a year. Critics of the system cite the 1984 Grace Commission report, which said the military pension plan was six times as good as the best private-sector plan."

The attraction of the categorical reform lies in the difficulty one has in arguing against it. The argumentum ad absurdum tends to reveal this. Suppose that, fifty years from now, the scientists make the average lifetime one hundred years. Obviously we would not think in terms of generating an economy that would permit us to retire at what then would be the equivalent of young middle age.

The pursuit of such a reform has the added advantage that those who oppose it would be a relatively small number of people, and in a democracy it is realistic to think in terms not only of what is "right," but of what is doable. The first year's opposition, in the Social Security field, would, of course, come from 64-year-olds planning to retire at 65, who would now need to work another year, and from 61-year-olds, who had planned to take early retirement the following year but would also have to work another year.

And, of course, opposition from those just a little younger. But soon you are talking to folk in their mid-fifties, for whom the question of whether they will retire at 65 or at seventy is a moderately remote concern.

And do not forget the dividend. The deficit goes away. □

GETTING SOUTH KOREA STRAIGHT

NEW YORK, FEB. 18

WE SHOULD attempt to impose a little order on our thinking.

South Korea is to all intents and purposes a one-party state. Unlike the world's totalitarian regimes, however, South Korea is heart-and-soul anti-Communist, which one would think natural in a country the northern half of which was wrenched from it by Stalinists who then tried to invade the southern half, very nearly causing a world war, and also killing a million Koreans. Like certain other non-Communist countries in the world that are largely dominated by a single party, South Korea has managed to cultivate a work ethic that is responsible for a most extraordinary economic transformation. It is comparable to that of two other such states in Asia, namely Taiwan and Singapore. The result has been to lift forty million Koreans up from poverty, though not (yet) to full political liberty.

Democracies properly regret the absence of complete political liberty in any state, while recognizing that history demonstrates that right-leaning authoritarian states, unlike Communist totalitarian states, sometimes flower in democratic directions, as for instance Greece did after the Colonels'

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putsch, and Brazil and Argentina have recently done, while Albania never has.

So Kim Dae Jung, an opposition leader, attempts to challenge the boss Korean, President Chun Doo Hwan, fails in his power play, is tried in 1980 and sentenced to death, later commuted to twenty years' imprisonment for sedition. Then comes the Reagan Administration, which gives Mr. Kim sanctuary in the United States, where he is perfectly free to do as he likes. What he elects then to do, after a couple of years, is to return to South Korea, obviously to bid yet again for power.

But Mr. Kim has an eye for theater, so he surrounds himself with human-rights activists, as they are called, whose historical propensity is to struggle for human rights in non-Communist countries. Most conspicuous of the two dozen fuglemen who get off the airplane in front of Mr. Kim is Patricia Derian, Mr. Carter's Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights, who is more concerned, to judge from her activity, about human rights in South Korea than in North Korea, where if she had attempted a landing under similar circumstances, she would now be the late Mrs. Patricia Derian. Then there was our former ambassador to El Salvador, Robert E. White, who was replaced in part because he gave the impression of worrying more about death squads associated with the government than about death squads associated with anti-democratic, pro-Communist insurrectionists. Add a couple of obscure congressmen, whose constituents evidently think it okay that they should draw down salaries to act as members of an anti-South Korean escort service, and a dozen others.

They land in Seoul, and of course the police move in to sequester Mr. Kim, the only person they are interested in: But in order to accomplish this, they need to unglue him from his American equerries. They decline to cooperate, and so the police pull and shove as required, and the escorts resist: And, sure enough, the next thing we have on our TV screens is heated denunciations of the brutality of South Korean officials by the American escort team. Their planted axiom is that they should be free to land in South Korea and repeal South Korean law, under which Mr. Kim was convicted and sentenced.

Now all of the above is wonderful grist for the Communist worldwide machine, which, as predicted, renews its attack on South Korea, which attack, 35 years ago, it pressed not only by propaganda, but by tanks and machine guns and rifles. It has been commented that under the circumstances it was doubtful that the Olympic Games could proceed, as scheduled, in 1988 in Seoul: a dark threat palpably intended to encourage other countries to boycott South Korea, which is suffering at the hands of American liberals not so much for its lack of democracy (how much is North Korea suffering in terms of, say, denunciations from the *Washington Post*?), but on account of its unqualified anti-Communism.

Richard Walker, our ambassador in Seoul, who is an academic and a Sinologist, has done a little to puncture the histrionics of Mrs. Derian et al. But damage has been done. It would be interesting, after they have dusted off their South Korean humiliation, to see the same team take off for Moscow, to demand the release of Shcharansky. Why don't they, while they are at it, grab the nearest Romanov, and demand Restoration? Good idea, that. □

MAKE THE CUTS PLAUSIBLE

NEW YORK, FEB. 25

YOU CAN SEE a little bit of sly in the smile of the Democrats on hearing from Mr. Reagan and from Mr. Stockman that the time has come to take on the middle class for its benefits. And quite right. There have always been too many middle-class profiteers from government subsidies who spend their recorded time complaining about money being wasted on welfare. This is not to say that money is not being wasted on welfare, but most emphatically to say that many middle-income Americans have been getting away with a lot. To be sure, they have also been paying a lot. But Mr. Reagan's idea is gradually to reorder our economic house so that, for instance, when you decide to turn the light on, *you* are paying for the electricity you use: not a remote vat of dollars collected in Washington by legislators dominated by special interests.

But Mr. Reagan needs now to be especially rigorous in his approach, if indeed he desires to stress economic intelligibility.

Consider, for instance, the following statement made to an AP reporter by an unidentified White House aide. "Yes, we are going after middle-class programs and subsidies. We are going after regional subsidies, various economic-interest-group subsidies, middle-class benefits. Amtrak's a good middle-class benefit—there aren't many poor people who ride around on that."

Fair enough. On the other hand, before railroad passenger service disappears from the United States, just for example, there have got to be reforms designed to lower the cost of operating a passenger train. Most conspicuous of these is putting an end to the union convention that if a conductor rides one hundred miles, he has done a day's work. Since at one hundred miles an hour you can ride a hundred miles in one hour, depart the train, and go about your other business, the cost of operating trains is obviously exorbitant. Will legislation be passed to make it possible for train operators to pare costs?

In the catalogue of departing benefits one hears of "postal subsidies." It is true that it "costs" the Postal Service perhaps half again as much to deliver a copy of *The New Republic* or NATIONAL REVIEW as it charges for the service. But rival services aren't easy to crank up because they are forbidden to handle first-class mail, which is where the profit is. It is one thing to tell second-class-mail users that they must pay their own costs, another to tell them that they are forbidden to devise alternative delivery systems that grant them a crack at the lucrative trade.

Or consider the terrible plight of the farmers. But then also reflect that nearly 50 per cent of the subsidies sent out last year were received by farmers earning over $100,000 per year (12 per cent). But remember also that the poorer farmer can't sell much of his product because the price of it is pegged beyond the market price set competitively abroad. Will Mr. Reagan's reforms be comprehensive, defined as reducing (however gradually) benefits, and also subsidies? It would be fun to be a fly on the wall when Senator Jesse Helms and Senator Robert Dole meet with Mr. Reagan to discuss yanking the subsidies from the tobacco growers and the wheat farmers.

SMALL-BUSINESS LOANS? Sure: Let small banks make loans to small businesses. Revenue sharing? That was from the beginning a shell game so obvious as to commend itself to all statists. It is, pure and simple, a means by which the states can bring in revenue without imposing taxes. The most popular game in politics. Urban mass transit? It defies even the sophist's imagination why grape-pickers in California should sweat coppers into a fund designed to ease the problems of someone seeking passage from Manhattan to Brooklyn. Student loans? But the statistics absolutely establish that when students grow up, which most of them do, they will earn more money than the median American earner, so what is the reason for taxing poorer people for the benefit of those who will one day soon be richer than they are? Students (and their parents) desperately need help to capitalize their education. The way to do this is through going back and taking another look at the student-loan system, perhaps with a revolving fund: John, a first-year med student, borrows money from a fund which Michael, a doctor now for ten years, is paying into, reimbursing the fund for helping him back when *he* was a first-year student.

Mr. Reagan will have a better chance if he buttresses his program carefully with corollary reforms that strengthen their plausibility. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Kirkpatrick on the UN

[DAVID] REED

The original aim of the UN has long since been lost sight of. All too often, Kirkpatrick notes, members do not bring disputes to the UN to find solutions, but only to embarrass and secure condemnation of an opponent. [From *Reader's Digest*, August 1982.]

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

WELL-EDUCATED, versatile, mature WASP male. Financial disaster, lost wife. Seeking helpmate and mother for two small boys, and stimulating, responsible work. Background includes educational administration, teaching, hotel/restaurant management, editor. Write NR Box 4045.

PRETTY NYC-AREA woman, 35, 5'6", slim, Catholic college grad, enjoys swimming, theater, museums. Seeks non-smoking male companion 33–38, with traditional values. Write NR Box 4041.

MALE WASP, retired college Ed.D., divorced, non-drinker, generous, loving, interested in gourmet cooking, dancing, and intellectual conversations. Strong home and family man, seeks Houston-area home-oriented lady for dating and possible close supportive relationship. Write NR Box 4039.

ATTRACTIVE EX-AIRLINE STEWARDESS, 49, world traveler, interested in tennis, dancing, sailing. Desires gentleman of high integrity, with time for travel and meaningful relationship. San Francisco. Write NR Box 4040.

SOUTHWESTERN OHIO male, 33, Catholic, professional, enjoys outdoor sports, especially bicycling and skiing. Also enjoys travel, cooking, reading, and The Boss. Seeks warm, attractive, good-humored lady with similar interests. Send photo. Write NR Box 4042.

LOS ANGELES attractive, intelligent single white woman, 27, professional, mature, wealthy. Enjoys theater, movies, politics, fine restaurants. Seeks man, 30–58, with similar interests. Write NR Box 4043.

BOSTON MAN, 28, seeks non-smoking local woman in 20s for companionship and possibly a lasting relationship. I enjoy reading, conversation, politics, music (primarily jazz), aviation, and good food. Write to Ed at NR Box 4044.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE, VIVACIOUS, green-eyed brunette, Irish-born naturalized American. Interests: books, politics, travel, psychology, dining, writing. Seeks serious humorous conservative gentleman, 40+, L.A. area. Write NR Box 4038.

INTELLIGENT, ATHLETIC (tenhocbaskbbasbfoobgo-etc.) man, 32, desires like woman for companion to stray with into amaranthine fields. If you love Russell Kirk's *A Creature of the Twilight*, best be prepared for a romance. Write NR Box 4037.

REACTIONARY journalist/writer, NYC; tall, dark, 36, expatriate Californian; seeks pretty girl ready for marriage, kids, country life. No smokers. Photo to please. Write NR Box 3873.

JOYFUL, PRETTY MANHATTAN female, 47, enjoys Solzhenitsyn, C. S. Lewis, Verdi, Bach, MMA, sun, soccer, Des Artistes dining, city life, own kids. Seeks confident, high-quality male, 35–60. Write NR Box 4027.

TALL, INTELLIGENT, HANDSOME Objectivist grad student, central Illinois. Loves Rand, Buckley, Springsteen, looking for Dagny Taggart. Write NR Box 4023.

PETITE EUROPEAN PHYSICIAN, NYC, Catholic, having second thoughts about this "career" business, interested in art, music, culture, desires mature professional high-spirited man, 33–50, with hopes for home and family. Write NR Box 4047.

NICE-LOOKING, LUCID single white female, 30, with all-around healthy outlook on life would like to meet a normal, decent guy, especially one with kids since I can't have any of my own. Besides kids, I enjoy New Orleans, questions of ethics, otters, and Martell's Cordon Bleu. Write NR Box 4028.

SLIM, GREGARIOUS CATHOLIC woman, in international commerce, enjoys parties, social work, Loehmann's, and the Jersey shore; seeks honest, interesting, successful man, 40ish, with an offbeat sense of humor. Write NR Box 4020.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. A cigarette or an earldom — 53 187 144 20 38 90 66 124 156 3

B. One in debt — 30 163 75 136 104 166

C. Stop up, plug — 123 73 93 45 27 164 1 108

D. Nautical term for a raw seaman — 125 17 29 143 40 78 87 60 8 107

E. Attacker of cherished religious beliefs — 109 137 56 171 35 119 180 72 149 16

F. Low points — 172 190 117 89 192 167

G. Kneel in reverence — 127 28 182 141 105 155 67 4 184

H. Feminists clamor for this right—even though it is already law — 179 44 153 68 113 130 91 140

I. HE SAW SPOT (anagram) — 122 191 43 135 10 174 159 77 152

J. Sluggishly — 23 139 61 165 158 74 41

K. In a manner harmful to one's well-being — 197 181 18 52 82 173 34 99 62

L. Pertaining to the sense of hearing — 26 88 76 46 186 14 161 177

M. Above man's audible limit — 97 129 31 176 195 69 185 57 148 9

N. U. of Minn. athlete — 183 58 96 2 39 196

O. Oil used in religious rites — 37 112 81 175 11 168 71

P. Isaac's wife — 42 162 79 126 24 157 106

Q. North American fish resembling a small shad — 32 134 151 50 100 15 118

R. Mental *hospital's brain* surgeon at times — 6 188 33 111 80 63 201 120 131 95 150

S. County in northeastern Scotland — 128 178 194 85 49 160 138 13

T. A city's business section—more so in bad economic times! — 55 70 102 142 198 12 21 83

U. Loss — 65 48 169 19 115 146

V. West German city — 47 94 200 114 133 59

W. German physician and chemist (1854-1915) — 132 199 145 7 86 101 25

X. Pet phrase of a party or sect — 116 22 170 154 98 193 36 103 84 51

Y. Wyoming river that flows into the Bighorn — 110 147 5 189 54 92 64 121

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 C	2 N	3 A	■	4 G	5 Y	6 R	7 W	8 D	9 M	10 I	11 O	12 T	13 S	■	14 L	15 Q	■
16 E	17 D	18 K	19 U	20 A	■	21 T	22 X	23 J	24 P	25 W	■	26 L	27 C	28 G	■	29 D	30 B
31 M	■	32 Q	33 R	34 K	35 E	36 X	37 O	38 A	39 N	40 D	41 J	■	42 P	43 I	44 H	45 C	46 L
47 V	48 U	49 S	■	50 Q	51 X	52 K	53 A	54 Y	■	55 T	56 E	■	57 M	58 N	59 V	■	60 D
61 J	62 K	63 R	64 Y	65 U	■	66 A	67 G	68 H	69 M	70 T	71 O	72 E	73 C	74 J	75 B	■	76 L
77 I	78 D	79 P	80 R	■	81 O	82 K	83 T	84 X	85 S	86 W	87 D	88 L	89 F	90 A	■	91 H	92 Y
■	93 C	94 V	95 R	■	96 N	97 M	98 X	99 K	100Q	101W	■	102T	103X	104A	105G	106P	107D
108C	■	109E	110Y	■	111R	112O	113H	114V	■	115U	■	116X	117F	118Q	119E	120R	121Y
122I	■	123C	124A	■	125D	126P	127G	128S	129M	130H	131R	132W	133V	■	134Q	135I	136B
137E	138S	139J	140H	■	141G	142T	143D	144A	145W	■	146U	147Y	148M	149E	■	150R	151Q
152I	153H	154X	155G	156A	157P	■	158J	159I	160S	■	161L	162P	163B	164C	165J	166A	167F
■	168O	169U	■	170X	171E	172F	173K	174I	175O	176M	177L	■	178S	179H	180E	181K	182G
183N	■	184G	185M	■	186L	187A	188R	189Y	190F	■	191I	192F	193X	■	194S	195M	196N
197K	■	198T	199W	200V	201R	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

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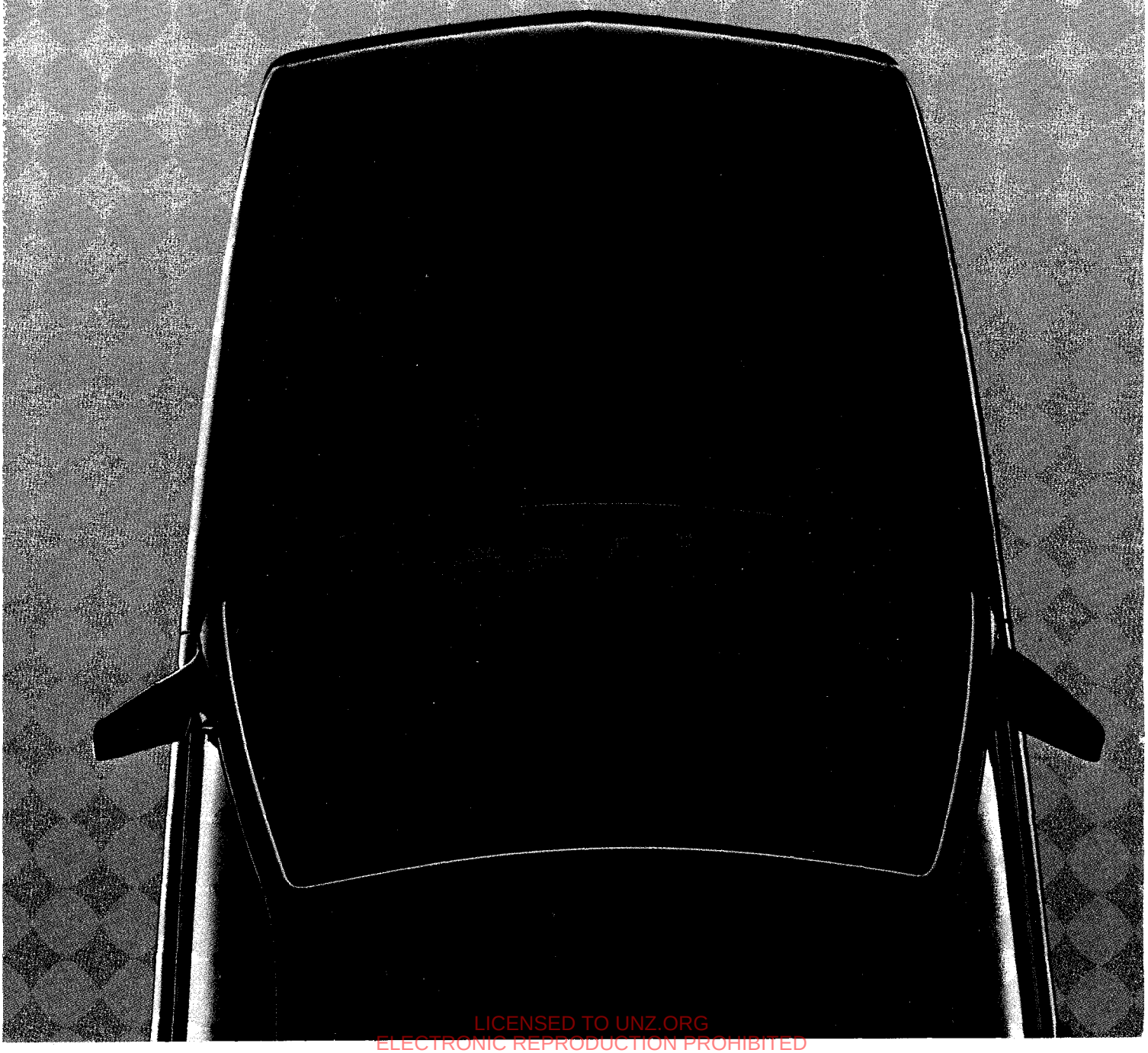

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